CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, $1.50 a year, 15 cents a copy; in the United States, $2.00 a year, 20 cents a copy.

Published by the VANDERHOOF-GUNN COMPANY, LTD., Silvester-Willson Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

London 382 Clarence St. Toronto 162 Bay Street. New York City 156 Fifth Ave. Chicago 1502 Marquette Building.

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second-class matter.

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SPRING FANTASY

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

FRAIL, wistful children of the velvet night,
Fluting among the dimly moonlit pools,
Thrilling with spring in the sweet-scented dusk.
Listen, Beloved, where they call and call:
"Sweet! Sweet!" The answer comes, "Sweet!
Sweet!" again.
I hush my very heart to hear, and thou,
My love, beneath my softly staying hand,
Pausest beside me. The sweet passionate thrill
Runs cool along our veins; the drowsy chirr
Of an awakened bird; the soft slow drip
Of rain-wet leaves; the faint mysterious stir
Of tiny ferns uncurling, leaves aroused,
Sap in the trees, grass in the woodland ways,
Fill the cool night with music. . . .
. . . . . All the world's
A lover with free music in his throat;
Hear'st thou, Beloved? Lips on soft yearning lips!
Kiss, and then kiss again, and still again
Till all the world reels, and thy scarlet mouth
Is all the world, and all the world is mine.
There are no words but kisses, and no thoughts
But other kisses in the throbbing night.
The hylas calls are kisses; each young leaf
Trembles and stirs and opens to a kiss. . .
. . . . . Give me thy lips!

THE LETTER FELL FROM HER TREMBLING HANDS. SHE FELT COLD—OF COURSE SHE WOULD ALWAYS FEEL COLD—HER SOUL WAS IN ITS WINDING SHEET

To accompany "That Three-Cornered Problem"
See page 11

CANADA MONTHLY

ON MAY 1911

Vol. X. No. I.

REAL RECIPROCITY

by EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble"
"The Sowing" etc.

Illustrated by F Fox

Chapter ye 1st.

IN YE year Four Thousand and Eleven and Four, word came to ye Kingdom of Hys Sovereign Majesty King Alfonse, yt beyond Seas, in ye Lande between New Spayne & New Jersey & between ye North Sea & ye South Sea was a strange Folk yt was Heethens, & yt hadde Mutch Golde. Soe now I, Juan de Smette, of ye Baronie known as Scottville, a Noble of birth, didde Goe to Hys Majesty & sayde to Himme: Good my Lord, ys is Dedde Easy.

¶What mean ye Good me Knight, sayde Himme to Mee, and prithee, what is Toward?

¶Mutch is Doynge, Good me King, sayde I to Himme, for Loe! are many Heethens with mutch Golde & ye Bizzness of good Kingys is for to Convert ye Heethen for and, if ye Heethen have ye Pryce, soe Mutch ye better for Themme yt carry ye Gospell, sayde I to Himme. Whereupon I didde Wink ye Eye to Himme alsoe, butte Discreat (Meanynge to Convert ye Heethen) & Alsoe ye Golde).

¶Ye King not onderstanding of Thys, I sayde to Himme, more Especial, Good me King ye Heethen nead ye Gospell & We nead ye Money, soe it seemeth right for us Exchange ye two. & with two stout Ships I forsooth ben Able to carry out ye Gospell & bring Back ye Golde, which in my Eyes seemeth Excellent Good. Alsoe I doubte notte I fetch ye fulle treatie of ye Reciprocitie. Whereat I didde winke ye two Eyes to Himme; and Presently ye Good King didde Smyle to ye Breadth of about two Spannes & sayde, Of a truth ys is Excellent Good! Verily ye shall Have ye two Stout Ships & ye Powder &

Bawl; & for yt ye Goe among Foreign Parts & heethen People, look Well yt ye take Along at Leaste one Copy of ye Scriptures, for noe Man Knoweth what may Happen.

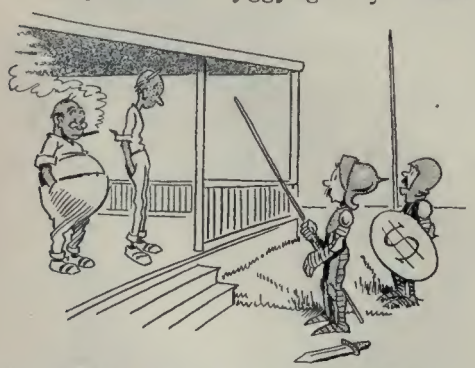
¶Soe thenne I set Foarth.

¶*Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 2nd.

¶Now we Sayled to New Spayne. which is by ye South Sea, & thenne didde Pass uppe ye Coast to ye North along a Land yt was Inhabited by Heethens butte Thease being Poore we didde not Tarry among Themme, althoe They didde make mutch Divertysements to draw us Ashoar, butte we in no Wise made Answer, being out for ye Goodes. Soe now at Last we come to a Plaice where were many Men yt didde Dygge a deep Ditch at a Plaice where ye Coast was moast Narrow & which was yclept ye Isthmus of Pannama. Prithee, good Sirs, we didde ask of Thease, what do ye Hear a-dyggynge so Wyde & Deepe, & sayde Themme to Uss, Go wan, thatte ye know Notte ye Canal de Pannama. Marry Goode Sirs, sayde We, What is ye Canal de Pannama & They made Mirth at Uss.

¶We asked of Thease, How long, Think ye, to be a dyggynge of ye Canal



SOE NOW WE KNEW WE WERE COME AMONG YE HEETHEN, BUTTE THEMME DID HAVE ASPECKT SO DEFOARMED YT WE FEARED TO SEEK TO BRING THEMME INTO YE TRUE FAYTHE

de Pannama, Whereat Themme made Mirth against Uss yet Agayne and sayde Themme, Prithee, come ye Back Agayne in about Two Thousand Years & Mayhap by Thenne it may Percolate a Fewe!

¶Soe now We knew We were come Among ye Heethen, butte Themme didde have Aspeckt so Defoarmed, yt We feared to seek to Bring Themme into ye true Faythe, althoe we now ben Assured thease hadde mutch Golde, else didde They not Dygge Two Thousand Years and still Guess, soe we asked Thease who was Their Head or sovereign Cacique, & Agayne They didde make Merry at Uss & some sayde T. Shonts, and some sayde T. Rosenfeld & some Goodhals, and others sayde a Cacique of ye Heethen yt was yclept Taft. Yette others made merry & sayde yt ye True Boss was Theodore, ye Heethen King, ye same hight T. Rosenfeld. Yette Others sayde yt They would be Danged (in Heethen Speach) iffe yt They knew who was ye Real Boss or whatte it was All About. Butte sayde They, It be a Glorious Deede of yt We be well Assured.

¶Heare gat we noe Reciprocitie.

¶*Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 3rd.

¶Soe now We sayled to ye Citty of ye True Cross & There didde take ye Shaiv Tail Mewel to ye Citty yt is ye Cappital of New Spayne, wh is withyn ye Provinces back fromme ye Sea, & wh is sayde to abound in Golde & now Come upon an Heethen yclept Jo Bayley who woar a Golde Studde in hys spyke-tale Evening Cloathes wh didde Show Himme to be a Heethen, & thenne we didde Soak Himme Abounding Mutch, & departed for other Parts, & soon didde meet yette other Heethens & of Themme slew Four Hundred & Fourty-nine to ye Glory of ye Faythe & ye Renown of yr Sovereign Majesty Alfonse, butte hadde no Golde yette from Themme & were Soar Displeased.

¶Now, being Well Assured yt They would hereafter Attend ye Service of ye Christian Church, thereafter We now didde make our Course Afoot with ye Intent to Goe into ye Province of ye Heethen King Theodore, who was esteamed in thease Parts to use Golde for ye Boyler of ye Steme Heated Castles in wh ye Heethen were reputed to Dwell in thoase Provinces. & one day as We journeyed to ye North we didde Taik Captive a fayre Mayde, yt hadde None too much Cloathes for

IN YE SAYDE CITY OF PITTSBURGH WE FOUND THERE MUTCH GOLDE, BUTTE ALSO PASSING HARD FOR US TO SEPARATE FROM YE HEETHEN

ye Grayce of Godde, butte who was Fayre to looke Upon & who sayde to our (respeckful Enquiries) yt She ben One of many Brydes Pro Tem of ye Pittsburgh Millionaires, whom We not in ye Leaste onderstand, butte She mayde Merry with Uss and sayde We were folk of small Wit or we didde know yt all Pittsburgh Millionaires were of ys fashion of Deedes, & We didde ask Her what Golde was in thease Provinces & She mayde reply, No Man might Measure Itte, for Thatte, sayde She, I didde not yette see ye Bottom of ye Pyle, or I didde skip You can Bette. At wh manner of speach we marvelled Mutch, butte Knowing She was a Heethen didde not putte Her to ye Sword, She a-sayyinge She would now marry a Cacique of ye naim of Nat Goodwin. Soe she didde goe foarth agayne to ye Province yt is called Pittsburgh, ye wh We doe Think is in New Jersey. Butte yette we had no Golde.

¶As yette founde we noe reciprocitie withal.

¶*Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 4th.

¶Soe now we mayde Journey farre to ye North, a space of many months, on ye Horse & ye Foote & ye Shaiv Tail Mewel, & came into ye Province of Chicague, ye Saim Innhabited by strange & unseamly Heethens of greate Stature & of mutch Kine & alsoe of mutch Golde, butte we feared to begin ye Conversion of ye Saim to ye True Faythe for They were of so greate stature & warlike Manner of Speach, as thatte We should chase Ourselves, or Gette to Blazes Out (or to Whatte Place Evil Doers dwell), ye like & and many other strange Speaches ye wh We didde not onderstand in ye Leaste. Butte We sette down in ye Bookes ye Doyngs of ye Heethen for ye Glory of Hys Sovereign Majesty King Alfonse.

¶Now one of thease Doyngs is where Many of thease Heethen gather together of a day yt is called Giving Thanks; for on ys Day they all come together for greate Gaims, being Joyful thatte They have not ben despoyled of other Heethens, & of thease Gaims thatte one called Feet Ball is ye

gray test of themme in wh Eleven of their Warriors meet Eleven other & seek to Kick inne ye Fayce of ye other Eleven or as many as May Be. For the Seeing of thease Gaims They have high Playces made, & to thease Playces come Heethen from many Provinces, oftentymes to ye Number of Fourty & Four Thousand, or Mayhap more, soe greate Joy have Thease to see ye Fayce kicked inne. And ye While ye Fayce be kicked inne, loe! a greate shouting very doleful ariseth from all ye People on ye high Playces. Now inne this warfare many be Killed & lose ye Arm or ye Legge, yette it is acclaimed greate Honor soe to be maymed, & thatte ye Warriors may be payde ye Gait Man doth take ye Piaster or more from All who come thither and ye Pyle of Piasters at ye Gaim be High as any House in New Spayne.

¶We of ye True Faythe did Pause at ye Gaim of Feet Ball a Tyme, being accounted something of Warriors Ourselves, butte certain of Uss being by Chance upon ys field of Battle at ye Tyme those yt kick in ye Fayce were Running after one yt had ye Leathern Ball of other Warrior Thease came swiftly upon Uss & didde overthrow Uss & walk upon Uss soar, thoe we had Armor of Proof & were goodlye Men at Arms, yette didde thease Heethen bend our Armor & treat Uss soar & didde kick Uss off ye Ground of ye Gaim with many of Uss soar Wounded & like to die from ye Hurts. Such among Themme is ye Gaim yt is called Feet Ball ye wh They account a most Christian Gaim, thoe it be Far from Sutch. Butte here We got no Golde, soe We set foarth with ye Shaiv Tail Mewel yette further to ye North & ye East, toward ye Province wh is yclept New Jersey.

¶Now inne yt Plaice as we were well Assured all Men had Golde even as ye Millionaires of ye Citty of Pittsburgh, also do practyce ye Faythe of Pollygamy & many other Heethen Practyces, & alsoe do Rob All who come. Now, seeing yt this was ye Custom of ye Province wherein we now were come, We fell upon a pedlar Man, the same Blind in 1 eye, & having Thirty Cents of ye Realm upon hys Person, & Himme we robbed after ye Fashion of ye Land, butte didde Push inne ye Fayce of ys Man for yt he had butte Thirty Cents. Marry, oure first Reciprocitie yette not mutch!

¶*Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 5th.

¶Now atte ye Citty yt is yclept Cleaveland in ye Province Ohio they didde have King Taft ye First, & ye Last & many other Kings for itte be a King Producer from Way Yonder, so sayde Themme to Uss—there in yt Part we didde find many strange Customs of ye Heethens, ye wh doe make me Pause to tell, soe strange They be & soe hard for ye Christian Folk to believe. For in this Province all ye Folk each Year make ye Tithes, butte ye Nine parts goe to ye Kingys and ye One part stayeth to Encourage ye Plane People to Doe Itte Agayne!

¶Ye Manner in wh They doe Itte is this: They have a greate Heethen King, ye saim a Most Christian King by their story as well, & this King he be Passing Rich in Golde from all ye Provinces of this Land. Ye Plane People maik Gladde to carry Himme ye Golde wh they find, noe matter how Mutch soever itte be, at wh We didde marvel very mutch atte ys way of Doyng yette soe it is. All Golde yt is found is brought by ye Plane People to ys greate Heethen King, ye wh is yclept ye Goode King John & Many doe hold Himme far More Greate than ye Heethen King Theodore, wh is ye King (in naim) of all ye Tribes & Provinces, or ye Cacique Taft, ye wh is mutch a Frende of ye King Theodore.

¶Ye Goode King John doth own all ye Boats & Steam Wagons (for soe They goe About) & all ye Ice & ye Fire & ye Light & ye Ayre & ye Ground & all Manner of Things yt grow upon ye Ground, & whenne He asketh yt One be made Sub-King, soe He is Forthwith made Sub-King. Ye Goode King John owneth also ye Houses wherein ye Plain People inhabit, & all ye Shaddows of ye Plane People, & ye Tobacco & ye Chewing Gumme & ye Hair Oil & likewise ye School in wh Plane Folk would send their Children for to learn to be also greate Kingys.

WE FELL UPON A PEDLAR MAN, THE*SAME BLIND IN ONE EYE & HAVING THIRTY CENTS OF YE REALM UPON HYS PERSON. & HIMME WE ROBBED AFTER YE FASHION OF YE LAND. MARRY, OUR FIRST RECIPROCITY, YETTE NOT MUCH

Also He owneth ye Toothpick after ye Meale & ye Meale before ye Toothpick (all butte ye Meete, for other Heethen own ye Meete, althoe all thease cry out yt it is False & accurst to say thease Things be soe). Yette all ye Tyme They have them soe ye wh seemeth to Uss most Strange & Ungodlie butte soe it is. Thease Heethens be well nigh too Deep for Uss & whenne We would separate Goode King John from some Part of hys mutch Golde, loe! He was Hard to Separate, & We ben cast out, Soe now we fall upon a Other Plane Man yt seamed to Uss Easy, & would rob Himme after ye Fashion of thease Provinces, butte loe! Himme didde Smyle at Uss sadde, & sayde, Loe! ye Goode King John gotte to Me First! Soe thenne we sette foarth from ye Citty of Cleaveland seeyng Itte was N. G. For and one máde Question. Did ye finde ye Reciprocitie. Soe made we answer, I trow nit.

¶*Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 6th.

¶Now, having conquered ye Country from New Spayne t) ye Province of ye Lait King yt was called Andy ye First wh is in ye Citty yclept Pittsburgh, we arrived for a Tyme in ye sayde Citty of Pittsburgh & found there mutch Golde butte also Passing Hard to Separate from ye Heethen. Now in ys Citty be many Millionaires & thease be Passing Gaye soe it seemeth sometimes, as is spread Abroad, althoe of thease Things we wot not other than We didde hear from ye Fayre Mayde yt was Prisoner far to ye South of thease Parts.

¶We gotte no Golde hear, soe now We set foarth for ye Province of New Jersey, being right well assured yt in this Province layeth ye Towns yt is yclept ye Seven Citties of Cibola (wh. is to say, ye Plaice of Easy Money). For loe! in New Jersey been many towns, also states.

¶Now ye Passage of ye Mountains with ye Shaiv Tail Mewel was mutch Travail, for now we ben all mutch put to Itte for to eat, having dwelt with these Heethens many Months & yette gotte small Golde, for yt ye many Kings hadde all ye Golde befoar We didde come thither. Butte after mutch Wandering in strange lands We didde come

to ys Province of New Jersey & were soar at Heart & mutch cast down, for hear alsoe was no Easy Money (for us). Neather was any Golde free-milling. In ye Stead was one Tall House & on Itte many Naims, & thease Naims stood for ye Tribes yt didde own ye Golde & at Tymes came thither Thoase needing Money & didde write their Naims on papers, saying how mutch Money They needed, & loe! the Plane Folk didde give Themme Money as they hadde wish; Butte not in New Jersey.

¶Soe now We were soar Distressed not onderstanding thease soe mutch as We didde think. Now We heard perchance yt in ye Citty of New York wh is not many Days March of ye Shaiv Tail Mewel from ye Province of New Jersey, was mutch Golde for All, soe now We set Foarth.

¶Butte whenne We mayde Journey to ye Citty of New York, Itte was no Easy Money for ye Wanderer with ye True Faythe. Mutch Golde didde We see, alsoe ye Drunken Chinamen, & many Strange & Heethen Spectacles & Dances & ye like sutch as may not be Tolde in godlie Parchment, & althoe mutch Golde was there We gotte butte Little for yt whenne We fell upon ye Plane Folk & despoyled Themme they Laughed Uss in our Beard, saying, Ah, ha ha, & loe! ye Goode King J. Pierp hath ben hear First. Ye saim J. Pierp is One of ye Kings in ye Provinces hereabout, althoe there be Many who say He is no King soe greate as ye Goode King John, for yt althoe ye King J. Pierp owneth ye Earth, ye Goode King John owneth also ye Waters under ye Earth & maketh ye Light of this! We heard of War to be between thease two Kings (& ye Plane Folk to do ye Fighting in ye War).

¶Now, being mutch Cast Down at having no Golde of thease Heethen, We even taik ye Shaiv Tail Mewel for ye Journey to ye Provinces of Those yt are called Brothers, for yt They dwell in Brotherly Love alway. Now, whenne We were come thither, loe! many Plane Folk were running about & some hadde a Rope. Marry, goode Sirs, sayde we, whatte doe ye hear, & They mayde answer We doe butte hang a Councilman & Legislatorre or soe & whatte is yt to Youse? & Some were for pulling up ye Street Railways & some for pulling down ye Gass House & ye State House & Others for doing many other Things, butte soon ye Plane People didde cool down & go about earning moar Money for ye Goode Kings John, J. Pierp, & Others, to witte, Dittoe, Dittoe.

¶Marry, good Your Majesty, thease be a Strange Folk & none like Themme in all the World. Butte yette We gotte no Golde, none being Loose, & We were of a Mind to Journey to a Province naimed Washington after a King long since dead & forgot & who mayhap was butte a King in ye Dreams of ye Plane Folk & not ıeally a Man as Thease. There we were assured was mutch Golde & many Kingys of many Provinces & hear also once dwelt ye Heethen King Theodore, ye saim who was a-dyggynge of ye Canal de Panama, and ye Cacique yclept Taft, and ye mutch great King wh is Yclept Jocannon. Soe farre no Reciprocitie In ye Indies hereabout is ye saim like ye Handel on ye Jugge.

¶*Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 7th.

¶Now, all ye Folk in thease Heethen Lands wist not They be Heethen butte ever cry aloud at all Manner of Tymes: Loe! Taik ye a Look, for we be ye Greatest People in ye Whoal Wide World, & none be Like Uss! Ye wh I be well disposed to say is ye Truth, for althoe thease People have soe many Kings who rob Themme ever & taike away all They have, none the less They have no Grouch butte Like Itte, yt They thus ben Robbed.

¶Of Churches They have butte Few & Few go therein, althoe there be many Priests with ye Brass Band & ye Minstrel Show & other Divertysements to lead Themme intoe ye Churches; butte ever They doe stand without ye Church & all ye Whyle lift up ye Voice & cry out, We be the Greatest People on ye Whole Wide World. Now They have a Religion, butte itte is notte like to Ours & is Heethen, for They worship whatte is yclept ye Industry, and ye Priests of ys They naim ye Captains of ye Industry, & thease be thoase They

bow down to & worship exceeding, thoe We thought not mutch of thease Priests by ye Looks of Themme, & sought notte to Worship as didde Thease.

¶Now This City yt is called after ye ancient Heethen Godde Washington is ye Head Playce where all ye Worship of ye Captains is mayde, & hear be many Captains thatte (in jest) are sayde to speak for ye Plane Folk (ye wh They never Doe). Hear in their Ruling is yt wh is yclept ye Senate, all therein being Rich from whatte is yclept in this speach ye Graft. Of thease none care for the Plane Folk save once in each Six Years (whenne atte ye Senator loveth ye Plane Folk Exceeding Mutch!)

¶Now, some Kingys be hear from many Provinces ye wh are not soe greate as ye Kingys of ye Senate, & some of Thease be yclept Dubs, sometimes Insurgents, butte Marry, we found not whatte they gayned by insurging, for that over all Thease ruleth ye Heethen King Jocannon, ye same moast Profayne.

¶Himme, ye Heethen King, We were well disposed to see, for yt We found ourselves strange in thease Provinces & notte apt at separating of ye Golde from ye Plane Folk as was ye Custom of ye Country, & he being King might tell Uss ys soe We might taik our Share of ye Graft as didde thease Kings, Senators & Dubs, as each may best be called in ye Speach of ye Land. Whereatte he made Mirth at Uss & mutch Profayne Speach. Marry, sayde He, itte is easy when thatte You Know How. In my own Case, I need only to Disguyse myself as one of the Plane People, so thatte I rob the Plane People with ease, & so Mutch do they like this, they Call me ye People's Friend.

¶Ye Cacique Taft didde gnash his Teeth at thease Kings of ye Provinces, yt they didde not doe in ye Way of Washington or Lincoln or ye other Heethen Goddes of ye Past. Butte ye Senate most Especial sayde to Himme, Loe! who is Boss and to whom belongeth ye Spoyl of ye Plane People? Althoe he gnashed his Teeth many sayde yt ye Senate was holding ye Services of their Worship. (Thease Services be to Bow Down before ye One yt hath ye most Pyle of ye Money of ye Plane People. Himme they worship ye Most.)

¶Ye Cacique Taft sayde to ye Plane

IN YE PROVINCE OF NEW JERSEY WAS ONE TALL HOUSE & ON ITTE MANY NAIMS YT STOOD FOR YE TRIBES YT DIDDE OWN YE GOLDE

People, Waitte till yt I gette this Tariffe and ye Platformme ye saime. Either I do this or I gette goode reesons for not doyng Itte. (Butte many sayde to Uss yt he would gette ye Goode Reesons for not doyng itte.)

¶Now a True Religion there is none in all ye Land save only thatte they call ye Golde & thatte they call ye Graft & thatte they call ye Industry. Ye Captains of ye Industry be their Priests & forsooth ys be their Religion, & a more Strange & Mutch Crazed Heethen Folk was never found between ye South Sea & ye North. Ye Heethen Cacique Taft could no more give Uss Counsel for to gette Golde than Any we hadde bespoak befoar ys Tyme. All he could say was yt We should fall upon Any we found as didde Thease Others. & taik whatte they hadde, & thank ye Fortune if none of thease Kings hadde gotte to Themme first (as hadde soe many Tymes befallen Uss).

¶Soe now we found Thease Heethen dwelling without any Law & without

any Religion, in Madness & Sorrow & mutch Opprest of many Kingys, althoe They go about Shouting They be Free & ye Greatest People in ye Whoal Wide World ye wh is butte a Jest soe Far be itte from ye Holy Truth. In thys Blindness forsooth We left Themme dwelling, all despoyled & exulting in Itte, all Sad butte a-shouting They were Merry, all without Hope (althoe ye Cacique Taft sayeth yette there shall be ye Hope), yette all crying Aloud, Loe! we are the Real Goodes!

¶Butte of the last I prithee to say. Those who would win Glory & Great Fortune & save Souls for ye True Faythe, Goe not to America, for in those Parts thease Things may notte be done, since thatte soe many Kings be there ahead, and ye saim have gotte to ye Plane People first. Neather didde we carry ye True Faythe, nor didde We Brake offe ye True Golde, nor any moar Reciprocitie than ye one (1) Handel on two (2) Jugges, and seeyng thatte We could taike nothyng else, forsooth we didde taik Ship for Home.

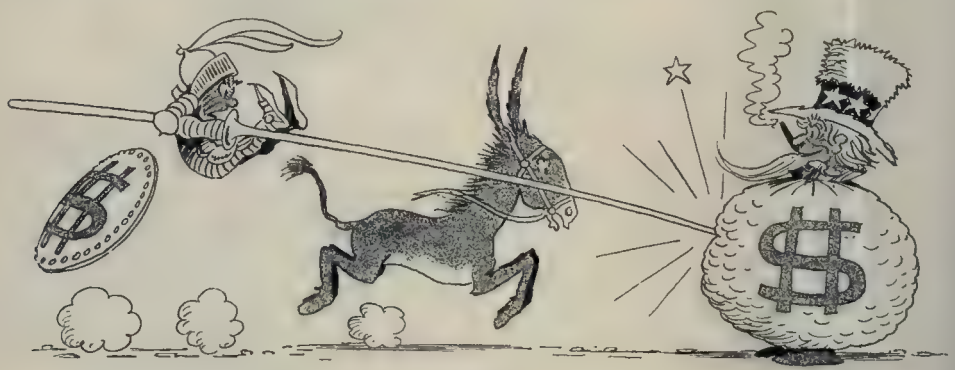
¶*Laus Deo.*

¶Done at ye Royal Palace of ye Goode King Alfonse in ye Year of Our Lord Four Thousand & Fourty-seven, set in ye Scroll by ye Goode Monk Gonsalvo of ye Expedition into ye Heethen Lands in ye Indies & between ye South & ye North Seas. & sygned by ye New Seal of ye Order given Me by ye Heethen Caciques as ye Emblem of thys Heethen People & so sealed, in token of ye Humble Discoveries herein set Foarth.

¶*Laus Deo.*

JUAN DE SMETTE.

($ SEAL $)



VIGIL

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

Four! clanks the grim old clock across the square,
Though at the window there is not a ray.
I have lain here a thousand thousand years
Without you. . . . God! Will it not yet be day?

That Three-Cornered Problem

By Hildric Davenport

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

THE flaming logs in the fireplace cracked in a vivacious, chatty fashion, and busily cast flickering shadows into the restful room. They enlivened and gave animation to all their neighbors, save the animate ones, who were tense and unsmiling: a man and a woman to whom a crisis had come.

"What I have told you," said Paul Sheridan, "cannot have been a surprise to you."

"No." Eleanor Randolph answered, quietly.

"Well, then, why——"

"Because," she interrupted, "can't you understand that everything is so is so—so difficult, when the time really comes?"

"Then you don't love me, Eleanor?"

They stood facing each other. She looked at him steadfastly. "I do love you, Paul," she answered slowly; "but," and drawing back at his advance, she shook her head.

"Well, dear, I seem to be answered, and yet I am not. You say you love me; why, then, should you want to put me off? Why do you refuse to come to me?"

"Because I must have time," she pleaded. "I must think——"

"Eleanor, you must have thought about it. You know what's in your heart. Don't keep me waiting."

She turned from his outstretched arms.

"Do you want to test me or yourself? Which is it?"

"It is not that. Believe me, Paul, I am as sure of myself as I am of—of my life." And the tears were in her eyes.

"Dear little girl," smiled he, "yet surely you can't doubt me?"

"I do not doubt you now, but," she hesitated, then flashed at him intensely, "How great is your love? Will you always love me? Always, no matter——" She stopped short. He looked at her curiously, and she turned her head and hid from him the piteous torture in her eyes.

"No matter what?" he demanded, trying to read her face. She evaded him. "What is it you fear, Eleanor? Tell me."

"Oh, nothing, Paul," she said unevenly, "just time—and life—and the cruel things that separate men and women."

"Now, listen to me. You are tantalizing and mystifying me. You know, you must know, that I have loved you for a long time. You say you love me. Then why do you hesitate? Why is it so tragic to you? It seems so simple to me, dear."

"Simple!" she whispered. "Simple!"

He went on, his voice eagerly resonant.

"The time has come when I can't endure things as they exist any longer. I must have you all in all; you must be everything to me; you understand? I must possess you—or——" He turned away. "You aren't fair to me!" he exclaimed impetuously.

"Paul," she pleaded, "come to me again and I shall answer you."

"Well, dear, when shall it be?"

"Just a week from to-day."

"At the same time?"

"Yes, at tea time."

Her voice sounded dull, lifeless—she shivered and knelt in front of the

fire and held her cold hands toward the warmth. He came closer to her.

"Please don't touch me—I can't bear it," she faltered.

After he was gone, she rose and crossed to the piano, sat down and struck one crashing chord, and her arms dropped to her side as she sank over the keyboard. Convulsive sobs, hard and dry, shook and racked her. "O, God!" she moaned, "what shall I do, what shall I do?" And the embers smouldered, and the twilight descended grayly.

* * * * * * * * *

Three evenings later Paul was dining alone at his club. Time was hanging heavily and he was impatient for the long week to pass. He was dallying over a solitary demitasse when a man approached his table. Glad recognition leapt into his eyes, as they fell upon Ralph Huntley, a long-time friend. "Hello, Paul," cried Huntley, "if this isn't luck!" They grasped hands warmly.

"Why, Ralph, I thought you were abroad somewhere."

"So I have been, just returned to-day. Had to come back."

"IF THIS ISN'T LUCK!"

His voice sobered. "I couldn't stay away any longer."

"Well, sit down and tell us all about it. Meanwhile, what will you have?" Huntley did as he was bid, Sheridan ordered drinks, they lit cigarettes and glanced at each other.

"You don't seem any too fit, old man," ventured Sheridan.

"Well, we had a rough passage out, and I am still on my sea legs. But you're a bit seedy yourself, aren't you?"

"Oh, I'm all right—just have some worrying matters hanging fire; that's all. Tell me about yourself. What took you away? What brought you home? I was out of town when you went, you know."

"Well," Huntley sighed wearily, "the same cause took me over and brought me home—a woman. She has about dominated my life for a year or more, and she owns me, body and soul."

"I know what it is," cut in Sheridan sympathetically.

"I doubt if you do know what it is—just what a case like mine is."

"Ah, Ralph, you've just the usual man-in-love notion; I'll wager you think that yours is the most stupendous and amazing affair that has ever befallen a mortal."

"I wish to God I were the usual man in love". He paused, and his thought switched. "Paul, can a man sidestep his fate? That's what I've been trying to do, but to remove my person from Canada to Europe hasn't helped. The ocean between hasn't changed things. I've tried to forget her, but ——"

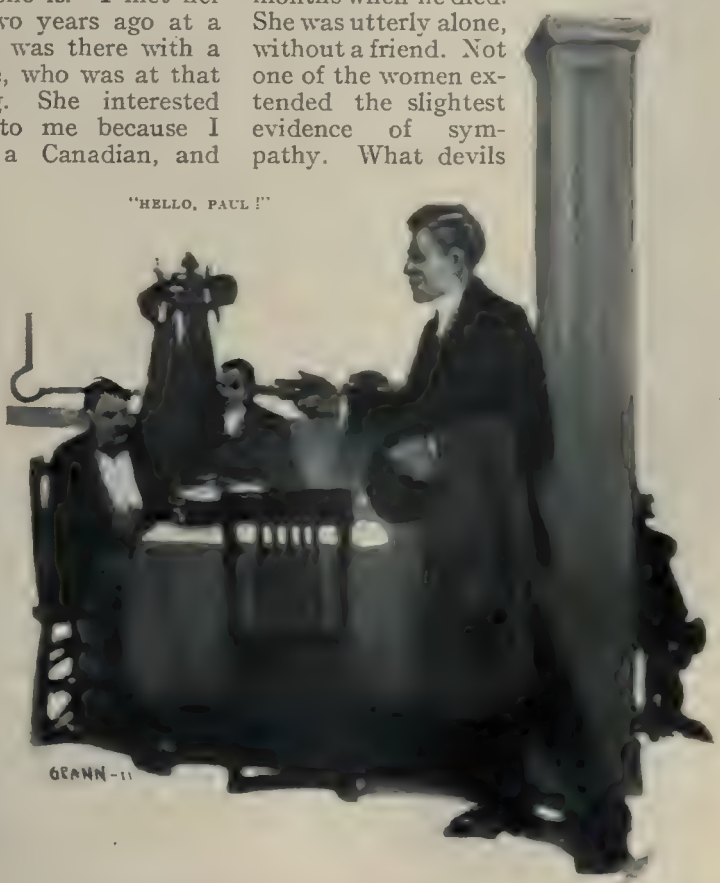
"What's the trouble? Doesn't she love you?"

"I don't know; I haven't asked her. I wanted to keep the knowledge from me even if she loves me, for the instant I know that she does the struggle is over—I am powerless to resist—and I have resisted about as long as I can. Damn it all," he broke out suddenly, "I hate a whining brute, but I've got to talk about it or I shall go mad! I don't know what to do. I came back to go to her, and I can't, and I know I must. It's been the devil of a fight all along—a clash between my heart and my —my conscience. There you have it. She has," his voice sank and his lips twitched, "she has, a—a past, for want of a better word."

"My God, man, and you want to marry her!" Huntley nodded. To Sheridan's gasp of astonishment, he replied:

"You don't understand. She is a pure woman." The other shook his head dubiously. "She is. I met her on the continent two years ago at a certain resort. She was there with a man, a consumptive, who was at that time almost dying. She interested me and appealed to me because I recognized her as a Canadian, and because the whole circumstances of the case were so sad. One could see the man had been a magnificent specimen of virile masculinity before the crucible of the damnable disease made him the wasted wretch he then was. At first I thought she was his wife. But the truth leaked out and people left them alone. Gradually their friends melted away. I had become very fond of them, and stood by them, and was glad of the opportunity; I knew that the end might be at any time, and it was all so awful to her. Her devotion to him was wonderful. Their love for each other was absolute, and there was no taint of sin in it. If you could have seen them, have known them as I did, you would understand; you would have seen nothing but the pity, the sadness of such a world-obliterating love. She sacrificed everything to him—even her very life itself was literally menaced. It was the purest relation I have ever known between a man and a woman. Love sanctified it." He stopped. His cigarette had gone out; his drink was untouched. The tender grace of a day that was dead was upon him, and his face had a wistfulness in it. Sheridan spoke softly; Huntley started as one awakened from a dream, and with an obvious effort, hurried on with his narrative.

"I had known them about three months when he died. She was utterly alone, without a friend. Not one of the women extended the slightest evidence of sympathy. What devils



respectable women can be! I did everything for her, attended to the funeral, looked after legal matters. She was well off and did not require any assistance in that way. One day she told me their story. They had been boy and girl sweethearts, had always loved each other, and finally they became engaged. Their engagement was broken off for some family reasons, I gathered. He married a rich woman. When tuberculosis developed, his wife left him. Three years before his death, Eleanor met him in Europe; she remained with him constantly until the end. Then she went to London for a time, and about a year ago she came back to Montreal."

"Eleanor," repeated Sheridan. "Is her name Eleanor? That is a coincidence—I will tell you about it later."

"I didn't mean to mention her name. Yes, it is Eleanor—Eleanor Randolph."

Paul rose quickly and turned his back upon his friend. Mechanically he hailed a passing waiter. His face was papery white, his eyes had a horror in them. He felt a suffocating sensation—his breath seemed to catch. The waiter hurried up. "Two brandy-and-sodas," he said in a hard voice that he did not know. He turned about and sat down heavily. "It seems close in here. See if you can raise that window." Huntley crossed to the window and put it up. He resumed his seat and looked keenly at his friend. "I say, Paul, I'm afraid you're all in; how do you feel?"

"I'm all right now. It's just a touch of heart." He smiled stiffly. "Go on with your story."

"I'm about at the end of it. After Burton's death, Eleanor showed me unconsciously, in the pathetic abandon of her grief, the intimate side of her nature, her inner hidden self. I had never known a woman in the same way before. I fell in love with her, and I shall always love her. But, Sheridan, does even love justify a man in giving an honorable name to a woman who, though ever so pure in reality, is branded by the conventions and laws of society? Ought he to make her the mother of his children? for the truth will get about inevitably, and they, in their turn, will be marked. You can look at it coldly, dispassionately, and consider all the circumstance. What would you do? Remember that I have tried to do without her and I can't; that I love her, that my life is a hell without her. Would you marry a woman about whom you know what I know about Eleanor?"

There was a long silence. Paul's eyes lowered. Then he broke the stillness, speaking slowly. "That is a very great problem. I don't know how to answer it."

Huntley did not reply at once. There was something in the other's voice that puzzled, annoyed him, he didn't know just what it was; he was dissatisfied with the answer. Sheridan had not seemed responsive, comprehending; in some vague way he felt that his friend had failed him. He half expected his reply to be in the negative; half hoped it would, and then he would have argued, defended his position—or what he knew his position would ultimately be—he would have fought for Eleanor—he would have convinced Sheridan as he longed to convince the world.

Paul rose to his feet carefully, like an old man. "Huntley, I have to go home and turn in; I am done up," he said. Having promised to look each other up, they exchanged rather constrained farewells.

Sheridan was too stunned for coherent thought. He seemed to move automatically like a man hypnotized. At last he found himself in his rooms. He sat far into the night trying to answer Huntley's question.

The gray dawn of the next morning looked in upon the wide open, weary eyes of two men and a woman, who were all trying to solve the same problem.

* * * * * * * * *

Eleanor Randolph spent three thought-crowded days and nights, and had come to no conclusion. Her heart and her conscience were at variance and unreconcilable. It was no

moral contradiction in her nature that held her back from a confession to Paul. Her eye was singularly acute to distinguish right from wrong; her sense of honor impelled her to tell him, and her every decision to do so was rewarded by a short period of calm peacefulness, which was, however, always frightened away by the horrible dread of the loss of his love. She believed self-immolation on the altar of an exacting standard of morality to be an attribute of man rather than of woman. She knew it probable that a man of Paul's temperament would cast aside an erring woman whom he loved, though in doing so he tortured himself.

Most hearts can no more encompass love than a garden fountain can encircle Niagara. Eleanor's was one of the rare souls in which a great affection had found an abiding place. Her love for Paul was all-consuming. As she looked back upon her life with Burton, she saw what prompted her sacrifice to him; an intense pity for his suffering, an agony of regret and sorrow for his dreadful fate aroused her strong maternal instinct. There had been little of sexual attraction save that which clung to the memory of an immature passion; above all was the fact that no other man had come into her life, that her heart was empty.

On the afternoon of the fourth day Eleanor sat in front of the fireplace watching the grotesque and irregularly patterned designs in the redly smouldering logs as they took on familiar faces and scenes. She saw a lone grave in Europe and the tragedy of a death—and a life—haunted her. The ringing of a bell interrupted her thought. She went to the window and looked out into the street. It was tea time. She questioned if it could be Paul; a week is a long time, she thought. Her heart thumped; she heard a man's voice. Yes, it must be he!

Ralph Huntley was shown in. The sight of him brought back Burton as from the grave. Eleanor wondered bitterly if the dead man would ever cease to come between her and the living one. Her greeting was forcedly pleasant. Huntley put down her manner to the embarrassment of an awkward memory which he knew he must provoke. They were both relieved as a providentially timely tea tray was brought in, and with it naturally came light persiflage, the inevitable accompaniment of its tinkling appurtenances. After a while the tea and the trivialities became exhausted simultaneously; the maid removed the tray, and Huntley, with a sentence, brushed aside the light conversation.

"Eleanor, do you know why I have come back to Montreal?"

"No, Ralph, unless it be that all good Canadians return to Canada."

"Of course, naturally, but I came back to see you." He leaned toward her quickly, his eyes were eager. "Eleanor, I love you."

"Oh, Ralph," she cried, startled; "I didn't know, I didn't think you cared for me that way. You are my friend—and what a friend you have been! I can't think of you in any other way."

"But you must, for I love you and I want you—I must have you." His eyes dark with the ardor of desire, he bent close to her. She shivered apprehensively.

"Yes?" And he read a question in her frightened eyes.

"Heavens, Eleanor! Don't think I mean that! I want you for my wife." He tried to draw her to him; his breath came quickly; his blood was on fire for her; and not a doubt was in his mind; there was rather an element of dread that she might surrender too readily to him, for his particular demon had tormented him with the assurance that marriage meant established respectability to a woman in her position. "Eleanor," he reiterated, "I want you to marry me."

"What," she gasped, "knowing what you do?"

"Knowing what I do, dear." And her heart leaped within her with a great gladness. This man, with the knowledge of everything, would make her his wife—so might another. She was silent; it was a silence of thoughts of Paul, not of the man beside her

whose voice soon recalled her to him.

"Don't you care for me?" he asked anxiously. She shook her head. She knew that she should feel and show gratitude for the nobility of this courageous lover, yet his very assurance that a man can forgive so much made her anticipate a like capitulation on Paul's part; therefore, her refusal of Ralph was all the more absolute. "You care for me as a friend, don't you?"

"Yes," she nodded.

"Maybe it is too soon to expect you to love—too soon after poor Burton." She winced. "I often think," he went on, "that human souls must be exhausted, depleted, after such overwhelming love tragedies. Yet time, the kindly reconciler, heals us all. Give yourself to me, dear; I feel that my passion must compel yours, and I shall be content to wait." He took her hand, but she withdrew it quickly. To a woman passionately in love with one man, the touch of another is physically repulsive. A pained look came into his eyes.

"What is it, Eleanor, dear, have I offended you?"

"No, Ralph, you have paid me a very great compliment; I thank you for it, for its generosity. As a friend I love you, and always shall, but I can't any other way. I'm so sorry—so sorry."

"But you will after a while, dear, when you realize how terribly I care, how I long for you, how I have wished for you every day and night of this empty, dreary year." She stopped him.

"Ralph, I can't let you go on; it is useless."

"Why is it useless? Is it still Burton?"

"No."

"Shall you never marry?"

"I don't know. I had better tell you everything. I am in love."

"What!" He started to his feet. "Another man! And is he going to marry you?" She shrank as from a blow.

"I don't know," she answered faintly.

"Does he know?" demanded he. She drew in her breath.

"No," she breathed. A horrible hideousness of agony was in her white face. The rage of jealousy hardened him.

"And you think he'll marry you?" He laughed harshly.

She rose to her feet swiftly, goaded beyond endurance. "What right have you to catechise me?" Her great eyes flamed furiously.

"Forgive me, Eleanor," he begged in a broken voice. "I didn't mean to say what I did; God knows I would not hurt you. I can scarcely realize it all; it is so unforeseen." He paced up and down the room. "Eleanor, I can't meet your eyes and tell you what this has cost me—how I have fought against my love. What poor creatures of convention we are! What puppets in the clutch of man-made laws! I know that you are the purest woman in the world, yet I have fled you as I would a plague." He came and stood before her; white-faced they looked at each other. "Is this to be the end?" his desolate voice entreated her. There was a helpless look in her pitying eyes.

"Yes, Ralph, this is the end of love between us, but friendship——"

"Friendship is impossible. You are good to offer it, dear," he said gently, "but it can't be; it could never satisfy my hunger. . . . I must go away again." He was absentmindedly turning the leaves of a book which he had picked up idly. He unconsciously read a superscription; it caught his attention —"Eleanor—from Paul Sheridan." She saw his start of surprise.

"What is it?" she asked. He held the book toward her.

"Do you know Sheridan?"

"Yes, do you?" Instantly his evening with Paul at the club came into his mind.

"Is he the man?" A dread was in him.

"Yes, he is the man," she replied coldly. In a flash it came to him that he had told Paul her story. The book fell from his nervous fingers. "Sheridan!" he said thickly, "Sheridan!"

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Why should it not be Sheridan?"

He disregarded the question.

"He does not know—you haven't told him? When did you last see him? This is Friday. Have you seen him since Wednesday?"

"No," she answered, "but," bewildered, "why do you ask?"

"Because," he returned, his words falling heavily, deliberately, "on Wednesday night I saw Sheridan and talked to him, and I told him about you—I told him everything." They were standing facing each other. At his words she lurched forward, and he would have caught her, but she waved him away, and with a great effort, steadied herself. At last she said violently.

"How could you—how dared you?"

"Listen, Eleanor. I did not know that Sheridan knew you—he did not betray himself—as I live, Eleanor, I did not know."

"Well," she sighed, sinking into a chair, "it does not matter, he had to know. I was going to tell him myself, and it was so hard—so hard! Maybe I should thank you for sparing me the task."

"Poor little, brave little girl! You know that I would never knowingly do anything to harm you, dear. You believe that, don't you?" She nodded, and smiled wanly through her tears. He came close to her.

"So this is the end?"

"I am so sorry, but you must always be my friend. Promise me that, Ralph."

As the door closed on him she knew that he had gone out of her life forever, that she had lost a rare thing, a splendidly magnanimous love. A crushing forlornness fell upon her; she flung herself upon a couch and distractedly watched night descend. As the blackness shrouded her she was afraid—it seemed a symbol of the winding sheet of her soul.

Time dragged interminably for three people. To Eleanor the forced inactivity of suspense was well nigh unendurable. Her relief that Paul knew was effaced by her dread of the effect of the knowledge upon him. She knew him to be essentially an idealist of the deep poetic nature which idealizes all that it loves. Intuitively she dreaded the shock of his disillusion.

He had made no sign. True, she had begged him not to return, but, woman-like, she wished he had disobeyed her.

At last the appointed day arrived. It was early spring, and the misplaced June sun shone boldly into Eleanor's windows. A few daring stragglers of pioneer summer birds perched gaily upon her leafless trees and sang shrilly at her as she busied herself, preparing all the little trifles that pleased Paul. The story of the day gladdened her. She took it as a good omen and went about happily humming Paul's favorite songs. Tea time pending, she ordered a log fire, tea à la Russe, and toasted English muffins, smiling all the while a trifle bitterly at the feminine ability to attend to everyday affairs while tragedy hangs over one as by a hair. She rang for her maid. "I am at home to Mr. Sheridan, and to no one else," she said.

"Yes, Miss," and the maid withdrew

Eleanor could not control her restlessness. She moved uneasily about the charming room. She was very pale and her fine eyes glowed with a tragic light. The week without Paul had been a torment. The sound of a bell startled her. She faced the door fearfully, her heart pounding like a hammer. The maid entered with a letter. It was addressed to her in Paul's firm, characteristic handwriting.

"Is the boy waiting?" she asked hoarsely. The maid looked at her inquisitively. "No, he said there was no answer." "You may go," her mistress said, dismissing her. Eleanor tore open the sealed envelope in an agony of haste. She read:

"I am going away; I don't know where. You know why I am leaving you. Because I must, I am choosing a savorless existence; God knows how I shall get through it! While life is in me I shall love you with the one great passion I have known; I have no hope of being released from that torture; No woman can ever supplant you. You satisfied my every desire—you filled the lust of my eye with your

beauty; of my ear, with your dear voice; of my mind, with your intelligence; of my soul, with your spirituality. You are my complement—the other half of me—all life will be incomplete without you.

"I cannot now, but I may some day be able to adjust myself to things as they are. Good-bye, dear, and God bless you.—Paul Sheridan."

The letter fell from her trembling hands. She felt cold—of course—she would always feel cold—her soul was in its winding sheet.

PEOPLE

BY W. D. NESBIT

OUT of the highways and byways and over the valley and hill,
The people come trudging forever through mansion and market and mill;
And some of them laughing and singing with never a bother or care,
And some of them bending and bringing a burden of shame or despair—
But always and always and always, forever they come and they go;
And what is the good of a question of something we never may know?

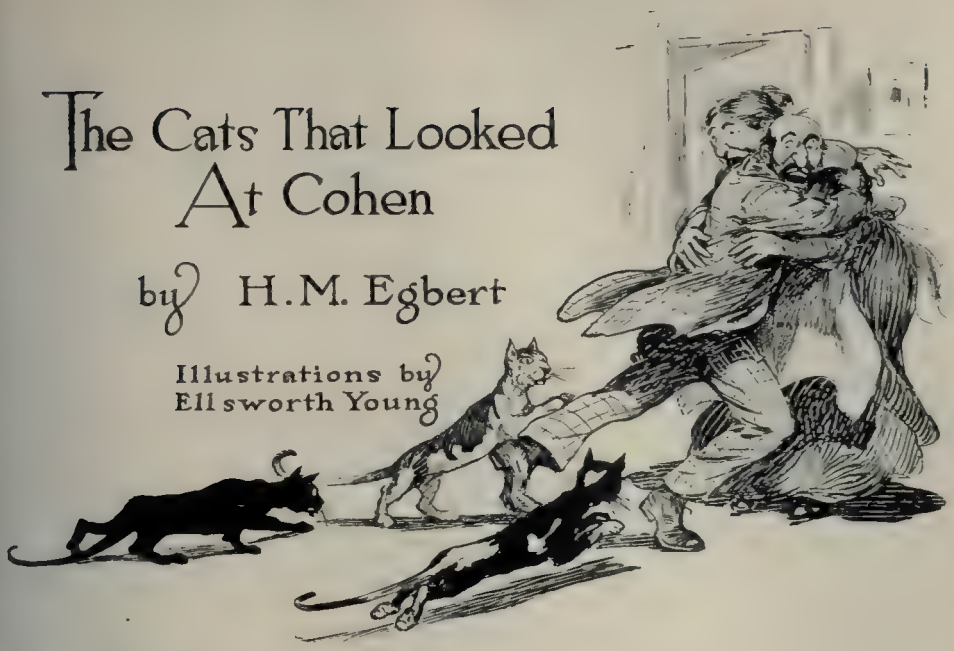
All over the world are they trudging, by mountain and desert they fare,
And each feels the lure of a summons that bids him to journey somewhere;
The one knows the lash of the master, the one knows the urge of a deed,
The one goes with aimless intention, the one walks as one in the lead —
But what is the why and the wherefore, and how do the peace and the strife
In all of these people commingle? Ah, that is the puzzle of life.

The years are the highways and byways down which trudge our hurrying feet—
And you and I helplessly tread them as do all the folk in the street.
By morning and noontide and twilight and under the marvelous stars
We march and we plan and we battle, we wound and we garner our scars,
But whence have we come? Do we answer? And whither with all do we go?
And what is the gain of a question of something we never may know?

The Cats That Looked At Cohen

by H. M. Egbert

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young



WHEN Dr. Ivan Brodsky first began practising in the New England country town which was my home, there were many who looked upon him with disfavor, and even actual dislike. This was not surprising in a community where to the present day there lingers a dread of the powers of Darkness which may be traced back to the influence of Puritan ancestors who firmly believed in witches, sorcerers and others of that ilk, and visit with the severest penalties of the law all such unholy dealers in black art. For Brodsky, it soon became known, did not confine himself to the surgical and medicinal limits of his profession. The man was indeed a scientist of the highest order and extraordinary intellect, and from the start made a great impression on me. We became very friendly, in fact, our acquaintance ripened into the closest intimacy, and I was thus enabled to witness some convincing examples of his skill in handling certain psychic phenomena. That his investigations had resulted in his acquiring an almost uncanny knowledge of the workings of the spiritual world and its reactions upon the realms of physical life could not be denied. Yet the clever Polish physician was not gifted with mediumistic powers, nor did he advance any such claim. Nevertheless, it is certain that his unusual attainments enabled him to cure obsessions and overcome the powers of evil in many cases where distinguished, but conservative, members of his profession had failed.

In the course of time, however, much of the opposition which had grown against Dr. Brodsky passed away, as people became aware of the really wonderful cures he wrought—cures for which the physician's sound reasoning faculties and common sense were as much responsible as the exercise of any occult power. One morning, going to Ivan Brodsky's office outside the hospital, I found him listening to a little man who was jabbering in an excited manner. Seeing me, the Doctor cut his interlocutor short peremptorily.

"There is a humorous aspect even to psychical affairs," he said, waving back the little man, who was upon his feet again, pouring forth a flood of what I, from my German studies, recognized as Yiddish, a mediæval corruption of that language. "I'm afraid there will not be much more medical work for

me to do now that my fame as a necromancer has spread broadcast up and down the land. What do you think this fellow wants me to do? To cast out cats!"

Recognizing the familiar word, which appears to be much the same in all European languages, the little man was upon the scene again instanter.

"Sit down!" roared Brodsky, turning upon him.

"I will not sit down," cried the little man. "These cats—they come from everywhere, they eat my wife's sausages she had fried—all, all our supper was gone yesterday and to-day——"

Ivan Brodsky advanced toward him, took him by the shoulders, and looked into his eyes intently. "You will not sit down, my friend?" he asked gently. "Then stand!"

Actuated by the same spirit of contrariness the little man moved back to his chair and seated himself. An instant later he was upon his feet with a howl of dismay. He looked at the chair, he searched as though for a pin, once more essayed to seat himself, and sprung up again with a scream of anguish.

"Stand, now," said Brodsky, laughing heartily. "And be silent, or I will take your speech away."

Thoroughly scared, the little man remained standing, shifting from one foot to the other, and gazing at Brodsky much as a whipped spaniel might regard its master.

"A very simple principle of hypnotics," said the Doctor to me with much amusement, "but it adds not inconveniently to my prestige among these folks. It is the same principle as is used by the Indian juggler who makes the mango seed apparently sprout into a tree before the eyes of his audience. But, as I was saying, I've come down in the world. It's a far cry from casting out spirits to casting out cats."

I waited in patience for the story.

"I must tell you," said Dr. Brodsky, "that I am in some repute as a necromancer among the Jewish population of this place on account of a little experiment I once performed—well, never mind that. But you've heard of the Kabbalists?"

"The Jewish miracle-mongers who undertook to practise magic by means of the Kabbala?"

"Their book of secret rites. Yes," said Brodsky. "They were greatly feared for their knowledge of certain simple tricks of psychics, such as calling in the services of those elemental spirits, or Jinns, as the Arabians name them. As a matter of fact, any modern necromancer could give those old fellows points. Well, you may not know that there still exist Kabbalists among our Russo-Jewish immigrants. There seems to be a famous miracle-worker in this town, by name Solomon ben Yankel, whom, in a moment of misguided zeal, these people expelled from their synagogue as a wizard. Naturally, being human, he wants his revenge, and he appears to be working a modern version of the ten plagues of Egypt upon our friend here, who is president of the congregation. Now," he added to the visitor, "sit down and tell us what he has done to you."

Very gingerly the man seated himself, and then, delighted to discover that his normal powers had been restored to him, he burst into voluble exclamation.

"My name is Gershon Cohen," he said, "and I am president of our synagogue, which consists of nearly fifty members, the most Orthodox in town. We never fail to fulfil all the commandments of the law. We wear broad phylacteries upon our arms at prayer and we celebrate each festival on two successive days instead of one, and we fasten small scrolls containing the Ten Commandments upon our doorposts to drive away spirits of evil, as Moses commanded."

"Continue," said Ivan Brodsky.

The ghost of a smile hovered upon his features, and I thought I could read what was passing in his mind. Brodsky was the son of a Jewish father and a Polish mother; he was thinking of his own early days in the ghetto of Warsaw, and recalling the, to him, meaningless, yet not to be forgotten, ceremonies of the past.

"This Solomon ben Yankel is the cause of all our misfortunes, curse his red hair!" cried the little man excitedly. Then, glancing at Brodsky's own head-covering, which was of a decided auburn tinge, he stopped short in confusion.

"You see, the prejudice against red hair exists everywhere," said the Doctor to me. "One day I shall write a treatise explaining its origin. Go on, Mr. Cohen."

"This Solomon ben Yankel is a maker of praying shawls, phylacteries, and mezuzoth, as we call the door scrolls," said the little visitor. "As you may know, these scrolls, upon which the Ten Commandments are written in a microscopic hand, are enclosed in hermetically sealed glass tubes and nailed to the tops of the doors. I have built a new house recently, and so, wishing to throw business in the way of a member of the congregation, I went to this Solomon ben Yankel and asked him his price and what reduction he would make upon a dozen—there being twelve doors in my home. 'Three dollars apiece,' he had the impudence to answer.

"GO, THEN, AND BUY FROM YOUR TRAVELLING PEDDLER," HE SHOUTED

"'What?' I exclaimed angrily. 'Impudent one, I can get them for fifty cents. Moreover, on twelve the reduction must be great.'

"'There will be no reduction,' answered Solomon ben Yankel. Are you the president of the synagogue, and do you not know that it is written, "Thou shalt not add to nor diminish one jot or tittle from any of my Commandments"? How, then, can I make any reduction? I will let you have the twelve scrolls for thirty-six dollars, and cheap at the price, considering that I write them myself, and certify that they are correct.'

"At that I lost my patience. 'There is a poor traveling peddler in town, seeking communal relief', I replied, 'and he will make scrolls, tubes and all, for fifty cents apiece. He seeks alms to take him on his way to Jerusalem, where he hopes to lay down his bones. From him will I get my scrolls.

"At this, the red-haired one became purple with wrath. 'Go, then, and buy from your traveling peddler, if you think his work is better than mine,' he shouted.

"Dr. Brodsky, I am naturally a man of quick anger. Had I not reflected I should have laid him low with a blow of my fist. But just as I was about to strike, my good angel whispered in my ear. 'Hold, Gershon Cohen,' he whispered. 'Art thou not president of the synagogue, and the most Orthodox in the town? Remember how slow to anger Moses was. It would ill become the president of the synagogue to use violence upon the body of such an one.' So I replied slowly and scornfully.

"'It ill becomes you to disparage such a holy man,' I replied; 'you, a wizard, who are reputed to make use of enchantments for raising the dead.'

"He put his flaming head against my own.

"'Thou hast spoken rightly, Gershon Cohen,' he answered. 'And I will raise spirits against thee so that thou shalt curse the day thou wert born.'

"At that I went away and laid the matter before the members of the congregation. 'Thou shalt have no wizard

nor necromancer among thy people,' said Moses in the Commandments. So we cast him out until such time as he shall repent. Moreover, he was forbidden to make further scrolls or phylacteries or prayer shawls. He was present while we debated and walked out laughing, putting us to shame. The very next day thieves broke into my store and stole two sacks of potatoes. When I met Solomon ben Yankel I taxed him with working witchcraft upon me in this, and he laughed again. But nobody would purchase his scrolls or prayer shawls, so by and by he came to ask that we remove the ban, and, when this was removed, for lack of evidence in his repentance, he vowed a speedy vengeance upon me. Next morning he walked right into my store, bold as brass, followed by three cats.

"His aspect was so terrible that I dared not molest him, and he walked through my house, from door to door, laying his hands upon the lintels, and smearing his palms against them and muttering imprecations. Before I had recovered from his appearance he was gone—but the cats remained. My wife chased them away. Next morning she found seven in her kitchen, rubbing themselves against the door. They had stolen the dinner and were devouring it. And so it has gone on three days," said the little man, spreading out his hands hopelessly. "There is an army of cats around my house; we find them in every room, rubbing themselves against the doors under the holy mezuzoth, and I know they are spirits of evil. So I have come to ask you to banish them, lest worse befall us."

"To-morrow be here at the same hour," said Brodsky, "and I will direct you what to do. Go home and rest in peace. If any cat accost you, say nothing."

When the little man was gone, with some reluctance, Dr. Brodsky turned to me, laughing till the tears rolled out of his eyes.

"This Solomon ben Yankel is evidently a man of fine humor," he gasped. "Of all the things he might have done, to send a plague of cats! Fancy the good housewife beset with them in her kitchen!"

"Do you suspect him of having charmed them there from their homes?" I asked. "Or has he created them?"

"The act of creation is the ultimate power of the occult to be acquired," said Brodsky. "It can only be done in the dark, and for a few moments, as in rarely authenticated cases at seances. No, to create life and send it about its business away from the creator is practically an impossibility. I strongly suspect we have the working of some simple charm such as is known to many primitive folk and recorded in folklore. Well, this is a humorous interlude in our investigations."

I shuddered involuntarily, remembering more gruesome experiments which it had fallen to Dr. Brodsky's lot to perform.

"Now," he said, "when two medicine men get together the first thing that they do is to measure each other up. I must pay a visit to this Solomon ben Yankel."

I was considerably disappointed that Dr. Brodsky did not invite me to accompany him on his mission, but, knowing that he did not care to be questioned, I made no sign of my chagrin. He had requested me to call for him half an hour before Gershon Cohen's arrival on the following morning. Arriving there, he plunged promptly into the subject.

"Well, I've seen this Solomon ben Yankel, this terrible, red-haired demon, he said with a hearty laugh, "and I must confess my sympathy is largely with the necromancer. You see, for all that Gershon Cohen pretends it is a religious quarrel, the matter is really economic at bottom. For years Solomon ben Yankel had enjoyed a harmless reputation as a dealer in white magic. Young folks consulted him about their love affairs; old people went to him with their marital troubles. He eked out a harmless existence by the manufacture of implements and accessories of prayer. Now this Gershon Cohen goes to him and calmly demands that he reduce the price of

his mezuzoth from three dollars to fifty cents apiece, at the same time threatening him—this I learned yesterday—with the loss of all the community's trade unless he acceded. Naturally Solomon loses his temper. As for the cats, the explanation is a simple and, like all simple things, a surprising one. It is one of the commonest of all spells. But here comes Gershon Cohen to the door. Now my friend, by the exercise of a little diplomacy, I hope to cure him of his cats and to restore to Solomon ben Yankel his occupation."

"HE WALKED THROUGH MY HOUSE, MUTTERING IMPRECATIONS, WITH AN ASPECT SO TERRIBLE THAT I DARED NOT MOLEST HIM"

"You told me to come at this hour," cried our excitable visitor, bursting into the room. "I may sit down, what?" Gingerly he seated himself, with many comical expressions reminiscent of his experience of the preceding day. "And now you will come round and cure me of my affliction? Ah, all night they howled under my front windows. I have not slept——"

"Gently, friend," said Ivan Brodsky. "These things are not remedied in a day. It takes time."

The little man's face fell. "Time? How much time?" he muttered. "I tell you I am sick from want of sleep, and —— Ach, Gott! last night they got into the ice-box, and when my wife went after them with a broom they flew at her and drove her from the kitchen. First they take our food, then they take my house away——"

"Yes, yes, but all that will soon be over," said Brodsky sympathetically, though I could see by his shoulders that he was shaking with suppressed mirth. "To-night is the third night after the full moon, is it not? Good. Otherwise you would have had to wait a month longer. Do you know the Lutheran cemetery at the north end of the town?"

"Yes," said Gershon Cohen eagerly.

"To-night you will go there alone toward the hour of twelve. You will enter by the large gate and proceed to the open space of ground by the north wall. There, under the tall pine tree, you will perceive a cluster of wild herbs. Pluck as many as you can between the beginning of the first stroke of the hour of twelve and the end of the last. Take them home secretly, make a distillation of them over a fire, and bathe in the concoction, allowing yourself to dry by the process of evaporation. Then shut yourself up in your own room until I arrive in the morning, and above all else, say not a word to your wife as to the purpose of your actions, or the spell will be broken."

The little man's face had been lengthening visibly, until it was a study for a painter.

"Never since I was married have I been out at night alone and not told to my wife where I went," he cried. "She will give me no peace hereafter. And if I shall tell her afterward that I went to the graves of the dead Lutherans she will think I lie to her."

"Very well, my dear sir, then keep your cats," said Brodsky suavely.

"No, I will go," cried the little man. "There is no other way?"

"No other way," said Brodsky, shaking his head sympathetically.

The little man arose and stumbled out of the room, his hands clapped to his head despairingly. When he was gone Brodsky sank into a chair and went into an ecstacy of silent laughter.

"Your instructions savor of *Macbeth* and the witch scene," said I, much mystified. "What is this herb that

must be plucked in the churchyard at midnight?" "A secret remedy," said Brodsky, chuckling. "Patience, my friend, and by and by I will explain everything. And now, while Gershon is pondering upon his bath, let us get busy on that section of the brain of our orangoutang."

On the following morning we set out together for Gershon Cohen's new store, which was located at the end of the town, just where the wider intervals between houses and plots of unoccupied building ground indicated the approach of the country. At the door a woman, evidently the little man's wife, encountered us.

"Help me, help me, Doctor," she cried, clinging to Brodsky's arm. "My man is mad, stark, raving mad."

"What's the matter, Mrs. Cohen?" asked Brodsky.

"Last night he disappeared from the house, the first time he has been gone in fifteen years. Just as I was about to call up the police department and ask them was he murdered, he comes back, at half past twelve, and tells me he has been walking for his health. Then what think you he does?. He lights the furnace and makes hot the water and takes a bath. A bath, at one o'clock in the morning! So I waited at the bath-room door. 'Gershon, Gershon,' I pleaded, 'say you are not mad.' There was nothing but the splashing of water. All at once he opens the door, dashes past me, and locks himself up in the bedroom. I have not slept all night. He will not answer me. Save him, Doctor, save him!"

"He'll be all right soon," said Brodsky cheerfully. "Where are the cats?"

"They've all gone into the bath-room," shrieked Mrs. Cohen. "Hundreds of cats—red cats, blue cats, yellow cats, black cats, white cats—all, all there, sitting on the bath-room floor. I locked the door. I dare not go near them. I have driven them away and they come back, they fill the house. It is the work of Solomon ben Yankel," she concluded, bursting into tears. "Curses on the wizard!"

"We'll soon rid you of your cats forever, Mrs. Cohen," said Brodsky kindly. "And as for your husband's insanity, I may tell you that he is acting under my instructions. The cats are all in the bath-room and cannot get out?"

"See," cried Mrs. Cohen, leading us to a small window at the rear of the house. "Stand on that water-pipe and look!"

We climbed up and peered in. I had never seen such a sight in my life before. The room was swarming with cats; there must have been some two dozen of them, and they were acting as though possessed by those spirits that the red-haired Solomon ben Yankel was accused of calling from their abodes. They scrambled about the bath tub, they rolled on the floor, they rubbed themselves against the walls, biting and snarling and acting as though under the influence of some over-powering emotion. Brodsky rubbed his hands.

"It's working; the charm's working," he said. "Keep the door locked, Mrs. Cohen, and meanwhile I will go to your husband."

The woman led us to the bedroom, knocked, and called loudly:

"Gershon! Gershon! The Doctor is here to cure you from being mad. Gershon, open the door. Answer me, Gershon!"

There was a sudden noise inside and, a moment later, the door flew open, Gershon Cohen, very white and terrified, standing at the entrance.

"Thank God you have come, Doctor," he cried. "Ah, the cats! They waited at the bath-room door; when I came out they flew at me as though I were the arch-enemy of all cats in the world. They want my life. I am doomed, unless you save me. They are evil spirits from hell."

Ivan Brodsky looked up meditatively toward the top of the door. My eyes followed the direction of his own. Just where the door set into the framework at the top I caught sight of a small tube of glass, enclosing a minute fragment of white paper.

"Gershon Cohen," said Brodsky solemnly, "what is that?"

"The scroll of the Commandments."

HE FLEW FOR THE CHURCH YARD, HIS LITTLE LEGS TWINKLING OVER THE GROUND

cried the little man. "The scroll which I bought for fifty cents from the poor peddler who is now on his way to lay his bones in Jerusalem, and the cause of all my calamities."

"Gershon Cohen," said Brodsky, more solemnly still, "how can spirits of evil enter a house where there are mezuzoth fastened upon the doors?"

The little man stood stock still, his eyes dilating.

Ivan Brodsky reached up with his stick and knocked the tube from its fastenings. It fell, the glass splintering on the floor. Gershon Cohen staggered back, amazed and horrified at the sacrilege.

"See," said Brodsky, taking the scroll from the broken tube. He held it out. In place of the neatly written, microscopic Hebrew characters was a series of dots and crosses.

"Gershon Cohen," said Brodsky, "you are the author of your own troubles, and your avarice has caused them. You thought to save a few paltry dollars by buying your scrolls cheap from some wandering peddler. You might have known no scholar capable of writing them would sell them at the price he named. More than that, you have wickedly taken the bread out of the mouth of Solomon ben Yankel. You have sinned and you must suffer for it."

"What shall I do?" cried Cohen miserably.

"You will confess your crime to-morrow before all your congregation. Then you will readmit Solomon ben Yankel to the community. Lastly, you will purchase from him a dozen new scrolls at three dollars apiece."

"Yes, yes, I will," cried Cohen. "But take away the cats."

"You yourself have brought them here, and you alone can remove them," said Brodsky solemnly. "They are the sins you have committed; they are sins of avarice. Each cat represents fifty dollars that you have deprived other men of."

In spite of his terror Cohen's thoughts wandered. I knew what he was thinking of. He was estimating the value of his sins in terms of cats at fifty dollars apiece.

"You will go to the front door of your house," continued Brodsky, "and wait there while I open the door of the bath-room. The cats will run out and follow you. You need have no fear; they will not hurt you. You will walk at a steady pace toward the place in the Lutheran cemetery where you plucked the herbs. There you will burn this scroll"—he picked the parchment from the ground and handed it to Cohen—"and pronounce the prayer for forgiveness of sins. Then turn round quickly and return home. The cats will remain in the churchyard. Come!"

He led the trembling man to the door of his house and left him there. He opened the bath-room door. In-

stantly, with a leap and a scramble, a huge white cat flew from the room, hesitated one instant, and made for the little man, followed by a score or two of others—tawny and grey, black, white and tabby. There must have been cats from all sections of the town. The little man saw them coming, a wild shriek burst from his lips, and he flew for the churchyard, his little legs twinkling over the ground; while cats of all shapes, colors and sizes followed beside him. Then Brodsky collapsed into speechless laughter.

"Was it really necessary to go through all those ceremonies and rites?" I asked him, when we had got back to his house.

Brodsky turned upon me, his eyes twinkling.

"Don't look a gift horse in the mouth," he cried. "Haven't I rid his house of his cats?"

"Dr. Brodsky," I said, "I am beginning to suspect you of being a humbug."

"Pshaw!" said the Doctor. "If I had assisted him without the elaborations he would never have appreciated the work I had done for him. And besides, he deserved to be punished for his attempt to take away Solomon ben Yankel's means of livelihood."

"Then you confess that you are a fraud," I said. "And I strongly suspect that this is a put-up job between Solomon and you."

"What was it Cicero said the Roman augurs did when they met each other in the streets?" asked Brodsky irrelevantly.

"They were supposed to wink," I answered.

"Just so," said Brodsky.

"But how did you get rid of his cats, and how did Solomon bring them there?" I asked, still baffled.

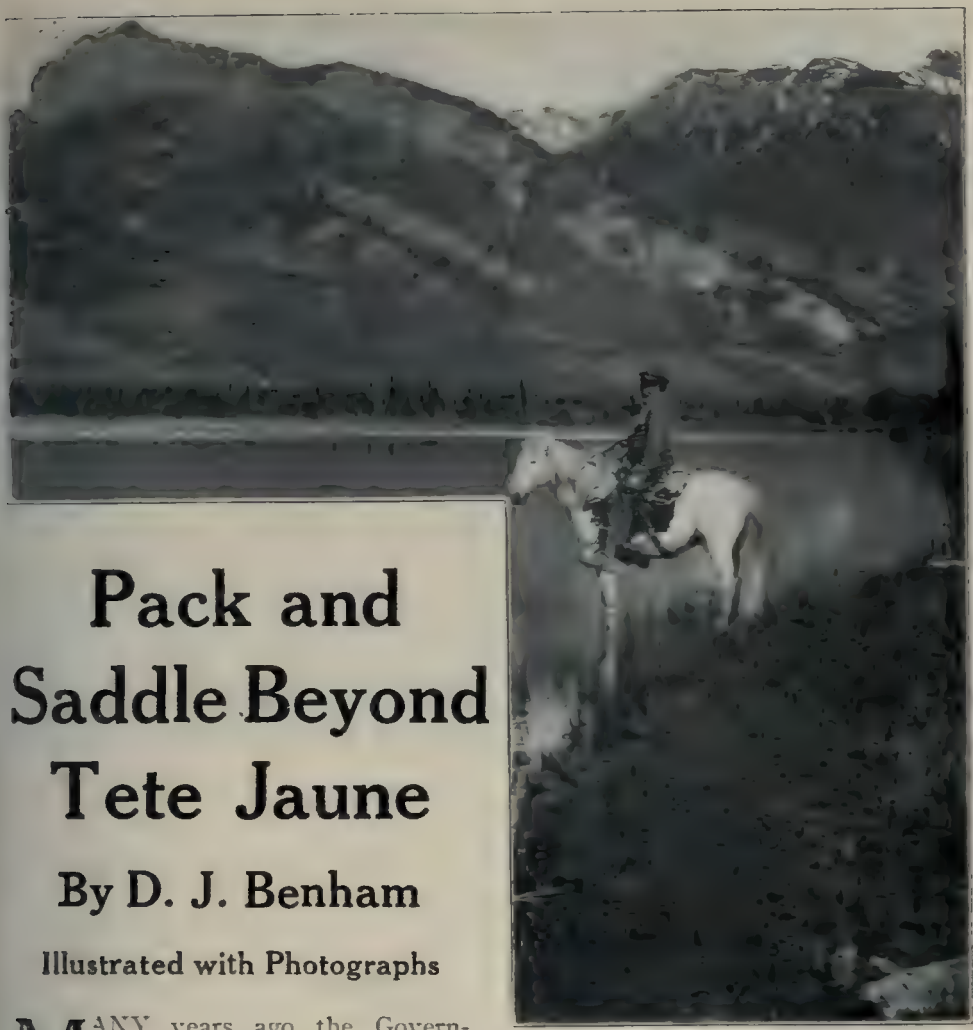
Brodsky looked at me amusedly. "Catnip," he answered.

THE SEA

BY CY WARMAN

If I had too much money, money that I couldn't use,
I'd spring a new philanthropy that would be joyful news
To seven million babies (if such a thing might be)
Whom I'd round up and I'd lead down to the sea,
And let them cool their kick-kicks in the sea.

And with them all lined up there and holding hand to hand,
Their happy faces shining like sunlight on the sand;
Angels would ope their windows (if such a thing might be)
To see so many, sinless, by the sea,
And watch them cool their kick-kicks in the sea.



THAT OLD FUR-TRAIL HAS BEEN THE BIRTHPLACE OF MANY A TRAGEDY AND MANY AN ADVENTURE

Pack and Saddle Beyond Tete Jaune

By D. J. Benham

Illustrated with Photographs

MANY years ago the Government of Canada wisely inaugurated the policy of establishing great national parks within the Rocky Mountains, thus guaranteeing to the nation in perpetuity a sense of absolute ownership, and a free, untrammelled access to the beauties of their priceless heritage in that mighty Alpland wherein little Switzerland, the famous playground of Europe and the delight of mountaineers, might be lost. Those vast park reserves have been designed to become the playgrounds of America—alluring resorts for recreation for the people wearied with the strife of the street and the beaten path of life—sanctuaries to which those burdened with care or broken in health may repair and find that elixir of life, which only benignant nature can impart.

The mountain regions of Canada may lack the poetic romance and the old world picturesqueness of the Alps, but their savage, untamed grandeur and almost illimitable expanses make them unique among the ranges of the world. Under the park regulations, their solitudes are safe from the invasion of the profane and vulgar, their magnificent steeps from the raucous grind of the cog-railway, and their virgin forests from the axe of the lumberman, which serves the double purpose of preserving the primeval purity of nature and of assuring a permanent water supply to

THE LUXURY OF A HOT BATH AFTER THREE HUNDRED MILES IN THE SADDLE IS SOMETHING PLUNGED IN, ENJOYING A HOT SPRING DIP WHILE

the vast wheat fields of the prairies which soon must be the bread-basket of the British Empire.

A priceless asset has thus been vouchsafed to the young Canadian nation—an heritage in which there will be a justifiable national pride when it is properly appreciated, and the magnificent but neglected Canadian Rockies shall have assumed their proper place as foremost among the great scenic areas of the world.

The first of these national parks were named Rocky Mountain and Yoho, the former known now around the world because of the natural beauties tributary to the great sanitorium at Banff, and the latter because of the majestic grandeur of the Selkirks which are upreared within its confines. These two parks, however, include but a comparatively insignificant area of the vast Alpland which is practically an unknown wilderness beyond a narrow strip possibly ten or fifteen miles wide on either side of the main line of the C. P. R. Here, however has been found scenery so magnificent as to attract the sight-seers of the world in ever-increasing numbers, and bring them back again with each recurring season. There, too, has been found sufficient scope for the army of cosmopolitan mountaineers and the Alpine Club in their strenuous sport, unfolding as it does each year some new wonder, some fresh delight, some added charm.

Beyond this limited area contiguous to the railroad and accessible to civilization, the mountain regions of Western Canada have been practically a sealed book, unknown and unexplored except by the nomadic hunters, or the transient prospectors. Now, however, the defiant ranges of the north are to be pierced through the Athabasca Valley and the Yellowhead Pass by two other transcontinental railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, which run side by side through that wonderful natural avenue of commerce. New tourist areas will be traversed by those roads, immense,

YOU MUST EXPERIENCE TO UNDERSTAND. LIKE ONE MAN OUR PARTY PEELED OFF AND ABOVE US ON THE MOUNTAIN-PEAKS A SNOW-STORM RAGED

unnamed, unmapped and unknown, but which are believed to be the climax of all that is rugged, massive and majestically beautiful in the Rockies.

Here, also, the Government has established another mammoth park and forest reserve, which embraces within its generous confines 5,450 square miles of territory, comprising all the vast region within the water-sheds of the Saskatchewan and Athabasca Rivers, and extending east from the great divide to the foothills. This will be known as Jasper Park, perpetuating the name of the famous old post of the fur trade, the ruins of which will be one of the principal points of historic interest in the reserve.

Formally taken possession of in the name of the people of Canada by H. Douglas, of Banff, Commissioner of Dominion Parks, it is an established fact, not a tentative project. Mr. Douglas went there prepared by reports to view magnificent scenery, but so impressed was he that he freely admitted that half had not been told.

There are scores of lordly peaks which must always maintain the respectful attention of the enthusiastic mountaineer. Among these are Mount Alberta (13,500), the second highest and one of the most beautiful elevations in the Canadian Rockies; Mount Geikie (11,000), Mount Brown (9,050), Mount Hooker, and the chaste, symmetrical and lofty Pyramid (9,000), whose lonely eminence overhangs the ruins of Henry House, and haunts the pathway to the Great Divide. Just beyond the summit lies the delicate range, appropriately named the Rainbow Mountains, overlooking the glaciers of the headwaters of the Fraser, and culminating in beautiful, defiant Mount Robson (13,700), the most lofty peak of the Rockies, "a giant among giants and immeasurably supreme." But although this most interesting Alpine region lies beyond that invisible line where water runs either to the Pacific or the Arctic, it is practically at the threshold of those who visit the park, and to all intents and

purposes it must remain a part of the scenic area which will charm the explorer and the tourist. The equipment and guides of the park will always be available for explorations there.

To effect the formal occupation of Jasper Park it was necessary for Commissioner Douglas and R. H. Campbell, Superintendent of Forestry, with a party of which the writer had the pleasure to be a member, to make the arduous journey of nearly 350 miles by pack train over the long trail that leads from Edmonton to the Yellowhead and beyond.

That old trail is an historic highway of the fur trade, the explorers, the prospectors and the hunters who have followed its dizzy deviations amidst the dreary wastes of muskeg, tamarac and jackpine swamps since time almost immemorial.

If that old trail could speak, what stories it could tell! It has been the birthplace of many an adventure, the scene of many a tragedy. Over it journeyed the indomitable explorer, Thompson, who discovered the noble river which bears his name beyond the divide, and who was mainly instrumental in humbling the hopes and crushing the ambitions of the founder of the Astor fortunes as a fur trader by the capture of Astoria; Alexander Henry, he of melancholy fate; Sir George Simpson; Dr. Hector; Sir James Douglas; Gabriel Franchere; the great Mackenzie, whose name is indelibly associated with western and northern explorations; as well as a score of other intrepid, adventurous spirits who assisted in laying the foundations of an empire under the setting sun. Over it, too, surged a portion of the struggling mass of humanity in the stampede to the Cariboo when all the world went mad with the stories of the fabulous wealth in the golden sands of the Fraser. On foot or on horseback they went, carrying their picks, their shovels and their pans from far-off Fort Garry, lured on by the phantom gleam of gold—a few to wealth in a realization of their hopes, many to disappointment and some to a tragic death amidst the hardships and privations of that terrible tramp across half a continent. Later it was traversed by the Government and Canadian Pacific Railway engineers, who sought the route for Canada's first transcontinental railway. Now in many places it has been worn deep by the constant travel of nearly two centuries, while elsewhere it has been entirely obliterated by the ruthless advance of the railroad grades and the wagon roads of the freighters.

Travelling by pack train is always slow and tedious, but in this case it was also painfully monotonous. For a hundred miles before mountains are sighted there is a succession of muskegs, spruce swamps, poplar bluffs, plantations of Labrador tea, and vast areas of fire-swept country. However, there was always something to break the monotony, either in noting the activities of railway construction, the jingling bells of the ponies or the vivid, voluble profanity of the Indian packer. It has been truly said that you have to swear to drive pack horses successfully, and our packer was a good driver. But you had to swear at them in Cree, French or patois, emphasized by a club, and the bigger the club the better the results obtained. That packer's language was "a real eddication" to anyone who felt his adjectives growing commonplace or lacking in originality.

From an eminence in the valley of the Athabasca (Mistahay Shakow Seepee), the Great River of the Woods, as it is known by the Crees in distinction from the Saskatchewan (Mistahay Peakow Seepee), the Great River of the Plains, we obtained the first splendid view of the mountains. Though they were easily thirty-five miles away, their battlemented heights, castellated towers, ramparts and beetling precipices, over which occasionally frowned a snow-turbaned giant, appeared to be in the tangible just-beyond. They rose transcendently beautiful through their shimmering, gauze-like veil of prismatic, hazy colors, with a strange admixture of dreariness lent by the bare, treeless slopes of the serrated peaks which were silhouetted against the clear, blue western sky.

The valley which was our objective point was plainly discernible in the shadow of Roche Perdrix and Roche

Miette, the grim sentinels who eternally guard the pass. Those grand old warders can be discerned and recognized from the very limits of vision a hundred miles eastward, owing to their peculiar formations. Roche Perdrix is an outstanding landmark, beckoning on the traveller to the wonders beyond. In it a long range of pinnacles, pyramids and peaks terminates abruptly in a sheer precipice so clean-cut that it might have been split at a single stroke from its fellow on the other side of the valley.

Five imposing peaks, bearing the picturesque names of the old traders, Roche Perdrix, Roche Miette, Roche Ronde, Roche Jacques, Roche Suette, and a sixth called Bull Rush, are ranged in almost a complete semi-circle, enclosing a stretch of valley which might properly be described as an amphitheatre, in the centre of which reposes Brule Lake, a shallow, treacherous expansion of the Athabasca River.

When we saw it, all Nature was at rest, and the goddess of fairyland reigned supreme. The sun was just setting, burnishing the mountain tops with golden shafts. A few ethereal, vapory clouds floated lazily in the blue.

Then as the sombre shades of evening, with their violet haze, crept up to the last pinnacle of the gleaming, glittering snowy helmets of those colossal guardians of the pass, the softer, silvery sheen of the full autumn moon stole like a benediction of nature upon her handiwork.

Ten miles south of this point, in a secluded little valley of a tributary of the Riviere de Violon the park commissioner definitely located a series of excellent mineral springs, boiling out of a mountain 4,200 feet above sea level, and 1,200 feet above the surveyed lines of the railways. The water in one cluster of springs which have been used by the Indian hunters for many years has a temperature of 116 degrees Far., or three degrees hotter than those of the famous sanatorium at Banff; while the other set have the remarkable temperature of 125 degrees. They are very highly charged with mineral properties.

Immense coal deposits were seen in this locality, some of the outcroppings showing seams over thirty-five feet thick. Indeed, for a stretch of several miles the Riviere de Violon seems to have cut its channel through a veritable mountain of coal, though we had no means of correctly estimating the depth or the value of the deposits.

In the vicinity of Jasper Lake the commissioner met a party of celebrated English Alpiners, who were returning from an unsuccessful attempt to scale Mount Robson. In the party were Messrs. Hastings, of Bradford; Amery, of the London Times; Priestly, and Mumms, the last named gentleman being the famous manufacturer of champagne. They had all spent several weeks during the past summer in attendance at the annual camp of the Canadian Alpine Club at Lake O'Hara, and were also familiar with the Selkirks and other leading scenic sections of the mountains further south. Being asked to make a comparison between the two sections, Mr. Hastings, speaking for his party, said: "There is really very little ground upon which to make a comparison. I regard the Yellowhead country as being far superior in scenic beauties to anything in better-known districts south of the Line. Everything here is on a larger and grander scale. The mountains are higher, more majestic, imposing and rugged; the Athabasca River is more beautiful than the southern rivers. In fact, everything is on a more magnificent scale, for Nature has been lavish in the distribution of an extravagance of beauties. I shall never regret nor forget my journey through this beautiful pass."

The valley of the Athabasca here rivals the famous vale of Avoca; and we christened it the "Meeting of the Waters," which is aptly descriptive of it. Between Roche Jacques on the south, and Roche Suette away on the north, the Athabasca, like a thread of silver through the green foliage of firs, winds into Jasper Lake, which lies embosomed in stretches of forest seemingly at your feet. From a southerly direction, away towards Mount Dalhousie, and between Miette and Jacques

the Rocky River comes foaming on its remarkably straight and tempestuous course into the Athabasca. From the north, and directly opposite the Stony River careers down over the base of lowering Suette to the confluence, just at the head of the lake, while the site of Jasper House, which can be discerned away in the distance, lends a touch of genuine historical romance to that charming scene where three waters meet.

As we lingered to admire it, a storm suddenly burst upon Suette and extended across sections of the intervening valleys, while over the Maligne range all was serene, and the sun still kissed their hoary summits above their mantle of clouds.

From the base of Miette the trail hugged the Grand Trunk Pacific survey across the shifting sand dunes that gird Jasper and Fish Lakes; and for twenty miles it led between ranges where the peaks rise in almost monotonous configuration and height, uniform, naked and brown, save where the grey ghosts of a dead forest stand marking the pathway of the terrible fires which denuded these slopes in years gone by. But gradually the shaggy massiveness of Roche à Bonhomme emerged from the haze that overhangs its fellows, and upreared its battlements above the clouds, with a peculiar wing like the ridge of a house running far out into the valley. We passed under its brow to Moberley's ford, where a number of half-breeds bearing that historic name reside. Here we were regaled upon real potatoes and dried mutton of the mouton gris (big horn), a bill of fare which was truly delicious after our simplicity of menu and semi-starvation on bannock and bacon and beans for over a fortnight on the trail. We had eaten so much of the latter staples that some of the party, like Drexter, began to fear that a rind was growing on their immortal souls. But, like the hero of the Spoilers again, they were able on this occasion to look "them vittles full in their disgusting visage and say 'sit there, darn you, and watch us eat real food.' "

Shortly afterwards we pitched our camp at that furthest outpost of settlement, "Swift's," as the homestead of the kindly old squaw man and squatter, who is the presiding spirit of the Yellow head, is affectionately known to everyone who travels that trail. It has been a hospitable refuge for the wayfarer for seventeen long years since the owner, E. J. Swift, located in the beautiful and fertile Caledonia valley, far beyond the outmost fringe of civilization. It has yet to be said of him that he ever turned anyone away hungry if he had food to divide. This was the main objective point of the journey, as it was surmised Swift would be able to place the commissioner in possession of much of the information he desired.

Four miles beyond Swift's home, in a natural park where the base of the truncated Pyramid rises in a series of terraced benches from the Athabasca, lie the ruins of Henry House, once an important post of the Northwest Fur Company, which was built by Alexander Henry, who afterwards perished by drowning at Astoria, which he had assisted in capturing during the war of 1812. Soon after the amalgamation of the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies it was abandoned as a trading post; but was converted into a cache for the supplies for the Government engineers and surveyors in 1870, only to be demolished and disposed of with the valuable contents when the survey was finally abandoned.

The southern aspect from the ruins of Henry House rests on the main range of the Rockies, where mighty Mount Geikie towers aloft, sharp and inaccessible, until his hoary peak is lost in the clouds, 11,000 feet above. To the south-east of Mount Geikie lies Simpson's Pass, over which Sir George Simpson journeyed to the Columbia, and in which region of perpetual snow and successions of glaciers is the real source of the Athabasca, though the turbulent torrent which drains them at first hand, sweeping away through its rocky gorges, is known as the Whirlpool River. In Simpson's Pass there is a peculiar freak of nature described thus by the illustrious explorer whose name it bears : "The relative position of the opposite waters is such as to

WE HAD EATEN BANNOCK AND BACON AND BEANS FOR OVER A FORTNIGHT, AND THERE WERE IRREVERENT MEMBERS OF THE PARTY WHO BEGAN TO FEAR THAT A RIND WAS GROWING ON THEIR IMMORTAL SOULS

have hardly a parallel on the earth's surface; for a small lake, appropriately known as the 'Committee's Punch Bowl,' sends its tribute from one end to the Columbia and from the other to the Mackenzie." This peculiar lake is surrounded by a committee of giant peaks which are plainly discernible from Henry House, hence its peculiar name. Its basin lies directly upon the height of land in the main divide of the mountains, and thus its waters run both ways. From the easterly end the Whirlpool River, as stated already, surges down across the smiling Buffalo prairies to a junction with the Miette River, a few miles south-east of Henry House, where the latter runs down from the height of land in the Yellowhead Pass, and there in their junction the mighty Athabasca is born.

At this interesting point, the railway

surveys, which have previously skirted the north bank of the Athabasca for many miles, take an abrupt turn to the west into the valley of the Miette, up the gentle slopes of which they proceed over the great divide about forty miles beyond. The summit consists of a level stretch of prairie with a decline as gradual as the ascent, so gentle, indeed, that the mystic line where water runs either to the Pacific or the Arctic may be crossed unnoticed.

The site of Henry House, owing to its commanding position amidst those points of interest, rich Alpine scenery, beautiful surroundings and historical connections, may be chosen as the location for the modern hotel which will be erected in the Park as soon as possible. It would undoubtedly be a charming town site. However, old Jasper House, with its picturesque situation on Jasper Lake, and its even greater historic past, is a rival for this distinction. The commissioner of parks also visited the latter and carefully noted its advantages. Mr. Douglas was grievously annoyed to find that the ancient cemetery at Jasper, wherein repose the remains of many of the traders, trappers and others connected with the post in the long ago, had been desecrated by ghoulish passers-by, who had utilized the rude picket palisades which had at one time surrounded every grave, as kindling for their camp fires. He at once decided that henceforth the graveyard would be maintained sacred from such unhallowed hands, and that it should be restored as far as possible. Even though the names of those who are sleeping the sleep of eternity out there in the wild, lonely wilderness have long since been erased from the wooden tablets, it must always remain a central point of interest to those who journey through the pass.

Mr. Douglas also decided to have a steamboat placed upon the river, to run between Brule Lake and the headwaters of the Athabasca, linking the principal points of interest by a pleasant optional route. The work of constructing a series of necessary trails is already begun, huts for the use of mountaineering parties are being erected, and everything done to make the park interesting and attractive to the people of Canada, and for the thousands of tourists who will be enticed here by the beauties of nature.

Game wardens and fire rangers have been appointed and are on the ground, to patrol the park and enforce the regulations. A detachment of mounted police has also been sent in to strengthen the hands of the other officials in the discharge of their duties, especially in the suppression of poaching by the half-breed squatters who have already ruthlessly slaughtered the game. Among the wardens is Mr. Swift, who will be an invaluable officer owing to his knowledge of the park and his great interest in the wild life of his mountain home. The game has been terribly depleted, but as the park is a natural breeding ground for the mountain sheep and goats, it is confidently expected that those timid and beautiful animals will now rapidly increase. There are also fine herds of elk, moose and caribou in the wooded sections, while the grizzly, brown and black bears also abound.

The Caledonia valley has a really delightful climate, and one surprisingly equable for the latitude of fifty-three in which it lies. The high ranges on the north protect it admirably from the severe winter winds, to such an extent, indeed, that at Swift's ranch the cattle and horses range out all winter with excellent fodder. The summer seasons are long and decidedly warm, though never very sultry. Wild fruit grows in luscious profusion, and the wild flowers in season are said to be so beautiful and varied in species as to constitute the valley a veritable paradise for the botanist. It is little short of marvelous how the small wild fruits cluster amidst these dainty flowers which everywhere deck the prairie. At the time the Government party visited the valley, they saw at Swift's potatoes, which had been sown on May 8th, but which were still perfectly green on September 24th. The weather then was balmy and summerlike, and the writer had the unusual experience of

picking a handful of wild strawberries in the vicinity of the camp. Only the most tender garden vegetables showed any trace of frost at that time, and we were informed that the season was in no way unusual. Raspberries unrivalled for flavor even by the domestic varieties, strawberries large and juicy, gooseberries, six different kinds of blueberry, currants, high and low bush cranberries, a rare species of luscious dew berry, cherries and other kinds of wild fruit simply abound there in season, especially in the valley of the Miette River leading up to the summit. Cultivated fruits have not yet been experimented with there, but surely there is a great future ahead of such an industry where nature is so prolific.

Before leaving this pass it might be interesting to note how it came to receive its peculiar name of Yellowhead, while some of the earliest records speak of it as the Leather Pass. The term Yellowhead, however, dates back over a hundred years to a time when the Northwest Fur Company was pushing trade into that section of the mountains. Indian hunters were difficult to secure and retain, and men who combined the ability to trade with the instincts and the courage of the voyageur were a necessity. They therefore imported a number of stalwart Iroquois hunters and trappers, and among these was a gigantic half-breed with flowing yellow hair, from which he became known to the Indians of the west under the sobriquet of "The Yellowhead." He was stationed in the Athabasca Valley, and extended his operations over the summit, as is evidenced by the Tete Jaune Cache (the cache of the Yellowhead), near the headwaters of the Fraser, where he was in the habit of collecting his furs.

About thirty-five miles east of the entrance to the valley when on our homeward journey, we crossed over the height of land between the Athabasca and the McLeod Rivers, taking a different trail from that which we followed going west. The altitude of the ridge of the water-shed here is really remarkable, being 4,640 feet above sea level, or 916 feet higher than the summit of the Yellowhead Pass.

Away to the south stretches a billowy expanse of evergreen, where stands the only tract of virgin forest which has escaped the ravages of the fire fiend in all that vast area. It apparently occupies this entire portion of the valley of the McLeod, running about forty or fifty miles in a southerly direction, and west to the base of the mountains. Looking over this vast undulating green, it is possible to view at a single glance an unbroken chain of mountains where the first ramparts of the mighty battlements of the Rockies is thrown up from the prairies, and which extends over 130 miles along the sky-line.

When we saw it for the first time, the eastern slopes of the mountain were wrapped in an ethereal, violet haze. The peaks were lustrous in a fiery glow, or resplendent with delicate shades of pink where the departing rays of the setting sun had lingered to say farewell. From flaming crimson to rusty brown, from brightest gold to palest yellow, from deepest red to faintest pink ran the color scheme until the eye almost bewildered. The western sky was a revel of riotous colors of departing day such as can be seen only on the roof of the world.

Gradually a transition, soft and artistic, merged those fervid hues and reflections into the shades of evening until night threw her mystic veil over nature, recalling my companion and myself to the fact that we had lingered too long, and that the pack train, with camp and supper, were miles ahead. Then, as the low-sailing orb of evening arose over the eastern horizon—realizing that we were gazing upon that vista for the last as well as the first time—reluctantly and regretfully we turned our horses' heads and plunged down into the sombre forests of the valley of the McLeod.

The SCARLET STRAND

BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

Several mysterious murders having occurred in the North Shore woods, the Montreal papers, attracted by the report that the Indians believe a werewolf responsible for the tragedies, send reporters to investigate the story. Swanson, Thompson, Brady and Emmett, with one woman reporter, Nora Westemonde of the Times, go after the story together. Under the chaperonage of Mrs. Lawson they install themselves at the big Brandt estate, whence the Brandts have fled, the entire countryside being practically depopulated in terror of the mysterious "Thing That Limps," and new tragedies being of almost daily occurrence.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"IT probably would be just as well to send our provisions that way," said Thompson. "They'll get there quicker than if they were hauled. How's the list of stock, Steve?"

After Brady's list had been overhauled and numerous deficiencies supplied, including matches, butter, candles and other items he had left out, oversights for which he warmly pleaded exemption on the ground that he had bought three corkscrews—the party made ready to start. But it was the grocer they visited — taking Miss Westemonde along, as all felt for the girl on account of the fact that she now fully realized the enterprise on which she was embarked—who furnished an inspiration.

"If the young lady wants to go along," he said in a low tone to the men, while Miss Westemonde stood disconsolately staring out of the door, "why not take Mrs. Lawson, who used to be housekeeper up at Mr. Brandt's, with you? The old Indian they left as caretaker of the place got scared and skipped out. Mrs. Lawson's an honest woman, and anyone can tell you she'll take care of the girl. Mrs. Lawson had planned to go up and open the place with her husband, but he's away just now. She'll be glad to get back if some men folks are around."

For a moment the four gazed at each other. Here was a competitor, it was true. But a glance at the girl as she stood by the door decided them. Alone, they knew she could never go into the wilderness with safety, and with newspaper ideas and ways of looking at things, they did not care how others might view the unconventionality of the proceeding. Thompson nodded his head and Swanson did likewise.

"We'll ask Mrs. Lawson," said Thompson. Then he turned to the others, for the first time violating his newspaper code of ethics.

"Boys," he said, a trifle shamefacedly, "this is going to be a hard tussle; one's as likely to get scooped as another. Suppose we all work together and swap up our stuff?"

And Brady, with his eyes fixed on the girl at the door, nodded silently, knowing what he meant.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Lawson, a woman of fifty, with a generous figure, smiling face, and hair streaked with grey, readily agreed to take up her part of the mission when Thompson finally located her at the house of a relative on the edge of town.

"Why, I'll be glad to go up with the young lady," she exclaimed. "You know, I was housekeeper at the place just before my son was taken sick. My husband's up with him now, at Minitawa. The boy's coming around all right though, and I didn't want to go up there among those Indians and in that wild district all alone. Old Joe Respey, who was supposed to be caretaker there, got this same fright in him that the breeds have, and I hear he's left the place just as it stands. He had a cottage near the house. Now, I'm thinking that we owe it to Mr. Brandt to see his property's looked after, even if a lot of drunken breeds do go about talking nonsense."

It was Brady, however, who, while Thompson was arranging details with Mrs. Lawson and settling on the terms of pay, learned another piece of news. He had stepped into a hardware store to replenish his stock of cartridges, and the proprietor had taken a keen interest in his mission.

"There's too much testimony comin' in for this to be idle talk," he said, as he wrapped up the three packages of 38's Brady had bought, "and I don't know what to make of it. There's no doubt about these Indians being scared. They believe firmly that it's a ghost or something. But the fact is that one of my cousins came in yesterday and is goin' to stop with my wife. She lives up that way and can't stand the talk. She hasn't seen anything, but you can't blame a woman, or a man either, for gettin' nervous 'way out in the woods there. Now she's told me somethin' that seems funny. Each of these Indians found dead had a little hole just on the side of his neck—that was all, except marks on the throat—and even the doctors can't say where those marks came from. My cousin saw the bodies."

"Wasn't there anything around to show what did the killing?" asked Brady eagerly.

"Well," responded the storekeeper, passing his hand slowly over his forehead in perplexity, "I can't say there was. There was some marks in the sand near where one body was found, but they didn't show nothin'. No one could tell what they were."

"What did they look like?" demanded Brady.

"I can't say, myself," was the answer, "for I've never seen 'em. But they tell me they look more like the marks of a big dog's foot than anything else. Besides," he continued, "when Mrs. Brandt left the place she was in hysterics. She kept sayin' somethin' about the thing that limps. She said she saw it from her window. I didn't exactly catch what it was she saw, but it must have been somethin'."

"The thing that limps," repeated Brady to himself, as he walked slowly back to the hotel, "and there's an item in the encyclopædia about the thing that 'hirples on one foot!' "

There was little delay in making arrangements for the final journey. Nora Westemonde, accepting the new conditions with alacrity, was provided with a horse from the same stable at which the men had secured their team. Moreover, it was decided that two horses should be taken along as saddlers for the men. The big gray horses finally fastened behind their vehicle clearly showed by the collar marks on their shoulders that they had been in harness during the summer. But the animal provided for Nora was a neat looking bay Canadian horse, small in build, but tough and wiry.

"He'll go all day under light weight," the livery man remarked as he attached him beside the other horses.

Brady had providently placed a few bottles of beer, carefully iced in a small tub, in the rear of the vehicle. Mrs. Lawson's report showed that there was plenty of food for the horses at Brandt's establishment. And she also made one remark which was noted.

"If you want to ship the bottled goods Mr. Brady has got in a Mackinaw

boat with two breeds in charge," she said, "you'd better bid them good-bye. You won't see the goods or the breeds or the boat either, again. The minute they get around the point those breeds will go after the cases, right away."

"You're right, Mrs. Lawson," agreed Brady cheerfully. "I can believe that. What's the matter with one of us going up with the boat?"

This seemed the way to solve the problem, and Swanson was picked to make the trip. His blue eyes grew dreamy with faraway thoughts.

"Years ago," he said, "I can remember the boats we used across the water. And I've always been fond of sailing. Sure, I'll go."

So when the party had driven slowly up the back bluff of the town, they gazed out on the bay and lake before them to see the little Mackinaw schooner, with their provisions and Swanson aboard, slowly rounding the point under the management of the two breeds. The driver stopped his horses for a minute to give them a breathing spell, and glanced casually around at his passengers. His Indian blood showed strongly in his dusky skin and high cheekbones. In the long vehicle, built with three seats, Mrs. Lawson, stout and comfortable, occupied the rear with her belongings piled about her and Nora by her side. In the middle seat was Thompson, critically interested in the surroundings at which he gazed through his glasses, with Emmett languidly smoking cigarettes beside him. Brady occupied the seat beside the driver.

"You've got a long drive," remarked their Jehu, as he glanced at his watch, "and you've got a hard deal ahead of you. I don't know what it is—but there's somethin' up here we don't know about."

"We'll get to the Brandt home early to-night," remarked Nora.

"An' I'll be gettin' on the back trail as quick as I can," interposed the driver.

Brady, with the idea of arriving at the root of the superstition which evidently affected the man, questioned him to no avail. He relapsed into the stolid indifference of the half-breed at once and merely shook his head.

"Don't know," was his reply to almost all questions.

Brady, finding it impossible to get any information from the man, shrugged his shoulders and turned his attention to the others in the party.

"From what I hear," remarked Nora Westemonde in some perplexity, "I can't tell whether this is supposed to be a werewolf or a vampire. All the accounts say it looks like a werewolf—whatever that is. But the fact that the jugular vein has been pierced in each of the cases of those Indians who were found dead makes it seem more like the vampire theory."

"What was the vampire idea?" asked Brady.

"Oh, it was another of those old-world superstitions," answered Nora; "it was supposed to be a dead person, whose soul was lost, and who came back to earth from the grave preying on the blood of living human beings. The general idea was that it was a corpse that came back to life after nightfall."

"This is getting interesting," said Brady thoughtfully. "We'll all be vampire editors of our respective papers when we get back, I guess. We'll be expert at the game. But there's one point the storekeeper mentioned to me that seems to cut some figure. That is, it looks as if there might be some land grabbing scheme up here. He said many of the Indians were so scared that they have left their homesteads and are willing to sell them for practically nothing."

The driver turned slowly in his seat.

"They don't commit murder just for that," he said, "and besides, the only person who's bought any land in the last year is a Chinaman."

"A Chinaman?" repeated Brady in surprise.

The driver nodded.

"He got his place last year, long before these things started," he said, "and he's never tried to buy more. He's just got a little farm and a fellow with him helps him to work it. Those Chinese sure do put in work, though. Their fields look as if a dozen men were out there. But he's never tried to buy any more land. They tell me he's a quiet enough fellow who never disturbs

anyone. The man with him looks like a half-breed Chinaman. They just raise their crop and don't bother anybody."

"Why did he come 'way up here?" asked Brady.

"Don't know," answered the driver, turning to his horses again; "he said he wanted to get a farm where the land was reasonable."

They had driven at a slow trot beyond the line of farms and were now passing through the woods. On one side the lake still shone, glimmering through the deep tangle of underbrush which fringed the cliff. On the other side of them stretched the forest, badly ravaged by the axe, but still presenting tract after tract of the younger timber that seemed to grow all the more strongly because of the heavy trees having been thinned out. In some of the spots through which they passed glades were in view where the trees almost met overhead and where a gloom hung over the road, even in the bright rays of the sun, that recalled the cloister of a church and its shadows. Nora Westemonde looked down the long expanse of trees and shuddered at the absolute stillness of the region, which was broken only by the faint sound of the wheels as they ground through the sand and the patient plodding of the horses' feet.

"EACH OF THESE INDIANS FOUND DEAD HAD JUST A LITTLE HOLE ON THE SIDE OF HIS NECK —THAT WAS ALL. MY COUSIN SAW THE BODIES"

"Just look at the gloom," she exclaimed. "Ugh! It's almost sepulchral! Do you know, if I believed in such a thing as a werewolf this would be the place I'd expect him to jump out on me."

Brady shook his head smilingly.

"Not my idea of it at all," he said. "I'd pick a region like that we passed through just after leaving the Springs. Thick underbrush on each side—nice, well-lighted road with the sun beaming down—wild cherries and sumach on each hand. Sort of Little Red Riding Hood effect to all the surroundings. Then, the wolf would pop out sort of naturally."

Emmett stirred himself for the first time.

"That isn't my way of seeing it," he said. "Look at this stretch we're coming to!"

Before them was an expanse of several acres where some forest fire had played havoc. The scorched skeletons of what had once been trees loomed up thickly on their right. Under their bare branches lay a tangled mass of timber, blackened and charred like the timber still standing. No sign of any underbrush or vegetation showed anywhere save at the edge of the road where a few weeds were struggling to eke an existence out of the sand.

"That's the kind of a place I think you'd find the wolf," Emmett remarked

"and it's about this kind of a place that he'd jump out on poor Little Red Riding Hood."

"What would any intelligent child be doing cruising around this way?" retorted Brady. "The kid in the fable was going to see her grandmother. If the grandmother had been camping out in a region like this she'd have been burned up along with the rest of the scenery."

So, with light talk and remarks intended as witticisms, they proceeded on their way. But the further north they got the more evident it was that there was something indefinable in the air. Their driver got more moody and sullen at each mile and kept glancing uneasily about whenever they passed through the thicker tracts of the woods. When they finally turned away from the lake and commenced driving through a long stretch of woods where the gloom was more intense, his nervousness became apparent. He kept glancing at Thompson's rifle, which lay against the seat beside him, and finally, in a shamefaced way, which showed that he knew the subterfuge would be recognized, suggested that the Tribunal man take it out of the case and load it.

"We might run across a rabbit," he said, in embarrassed fashion.

Thompson smiled back at the women on the rear seat, but silently slipped his rifle out of the case, snapped a clip into position with five cartridges inserted, and held the weapon on his knee.

"If any rabbit comes in view," he said, "I'll expect to see a look of surprise on his dead countenance when I pick him up. He'll wonder what has broken loose. That is, the two halves of him will. A gun as powerful as this will simply cut him in two."

It was not much longer, however, before the occupants of the vehicle commenced to realize that there was something besides laughter in the situation before them. All along the road, as they kept drawing near to the half-breed villages, they met little groups of breeds slowly plodding towards Iroquois and civilization with their scanty possessions on their backs. The doors of squalid little cabins, sagging open and disclosing the barren interior, left no doubt as to what had been done with the homesteads. They were evidently quitting their homes in a body. But questions elicited nothing. One old man, plodding slowly along with a tattered quilt, containing household utensils, over his shoulder, merely shook his head and mumbled something when Brady tried to question him as to why he was leaving the district.

"He said something about the loup-garou," remarked the driver, after Brady had given up the attempt to question the man and the team had gone ahead.

Once a halt was made for refreshments. The driver, evidently with reluctance, pulled up his team near a spot where a spring bubbled up beside the road and Brady's store was overhauled. He had placed cans of sardines, crackers and cheese under the seats of the vehicle, and the informal meal was eaten to the accompaniment of much laughter and conversation. One point, however, made Brady scowl thoughtfully. As they were in the midst of the repast, the sound of hoofs stamping along the sandy road were heard, and an old Indian and his wizened squaw came driving around a bend toward them, evidently bound for Iroquois. The nervous fashion in which the Indian pulled up his horse at coming unexpectedly upon the party, made the Leader man knit his brows. And he frowned even more thoughtfully when the wagon drove on, the old Indian declining his hospitality.

"I've covered lots of assignments here and in the West," he said, "and it's the first time in my life I ever saw an Indian refuse anything. There's something to this story, all right, if it can get on their nerves that way."

Then he climbed into the vehicle and the driver, impatiently flipping his horses with the whip, drove on toward their destination.

CHAPTER IV.

It was late that afternoon when the driver pulled his team to a walk, and turned through the gate to the big

estate owned by Brandt. For the last mile they had been driving through row after row of young trees, planted thickly on either side of the road, which the driver briefly explained were the forestry nurseries of the owner.

"He's been importing some of the foreign kinds of trees," he said, "and he's going to try them out on soil like they used to grow in across the water."

Nora Westemonde, gazing at the dense mass of shrubbery presented by the young trees, most of which still kept their leaves in spite of the lateness of the year, turned to Thompson with a half-whispered comment.

"Doesn't it look desperately dismal?" she asked. "We've brought the breath of the Black Forest over here with those trees. Do you recall the legends about the Forest we read as children? And now, in a civilized age, we've found the same old superstition over here."

Brady broke in promptly.

"I'll teach you to use a gun, all right," he said.

They were driving near the edge of the bluff as he spoke, and Nora smiled slightly.

"Do your horses shy?" she asked the driver, who had commenced to urge them on.

"No," responded the man curtly.

The girl opened the little handbag which hung at her belt and produced a light .22 calibre revolver, with pearl handle and ornamental gold monogram on the stock.

"It's a small calibre," she said quietly, "but it's a good make. See that log down there in the lake? How far is it from here, Mr. Thompson?"

"About fifty yards, I should say," he responded.

"That's the distance at which the national revolver championship is decided over an eight-inch bullseye," she remarked. "The end of that log is about twelve inches across. Now watch."

She raised the little weapon and fired, the driver pulling up for an instant. In spite of the motion of the vehicle, her shot struck the water within a few inches of the log. Taking more careful aim when the vehicle had stopped, she used the double action of the revolver and a shower of spray flashed about the target until the last shot, when a tiny bit of bark, whirling in the air, proclaimed it had been hit.

"Good work," shouted Brady, noting the make of the arm with approval. "Even if it's small, Nora, you're sure poison with that little gun. You can take care of yourself, I reckon. And if you run across the werewolf, he'll think the biggest kind of fleas live up here in these woods if you get to pumping lead at him."

"I don't need to be taught shooting," said Nora. "I've been to the Gun Club meets too many times. I worked on the police range, too, and Sergeant Horrigan taught me how to shoot fairly well. Charley Driver—you know him, Steve—lent me that revolver of his. I bought this one before I came up here."

"Well, we're all loaded for bear—or wolves," said Brady cheerfully. "But that must be the house before us. I reckon we'll have to wait for Swanson to get here."

But he miscalculated the powers of a Mackinaw boat under a high wind. Long before they reached the drive, which led to the front of the mansion, they could see Swanson below them on the stone breakwater. He was supervising the unloading of the boat, and Brady smiled with approval at the sight.

It was only a journey of half a mile more before they reached the main drive. The party glanced around with curiosity, inspecting the premises which were to be their quarters for the time. All around the place was evidence of the hurried fashion in which the caretakers had left, and Mrs. Lawson snorted indignantly as she looked at the grounds. Before them was an immense cottage, evidently containing at least twenty rooms, but built, like most cottages of the "resorters," of wood. The rear and side windows, that could be seen on their approach, were closed with the heavy wooden shutters used to protect the glass in winter. But the housekeeper gave a shriek of indignation when she saw one large, heavily boarded piece

of framework lying on the brown lawn.

"That Respey's no good," she said. "That's the shutter for the front window. Why, that window cost so much that I can't say it! And he's run away leavin' it uncovered!"

The newspaper contingent smiled hopefully. This was beginning to look as if there was something in the air for them. When the guardian of a post such as this, which showed every mark of affluence and would undoubtedly have been listed as a "soft place to work at by any caretaker" as Brady put it, left his post, some news must be afloat. As they drove slowly around the narrow road which led to the front of the big house, Nora could not repress an exclamation of delight.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she cried.

In spite of the unfinished condition of the place, due to work having been abandoned both in the nursery and on the buildings in the rear of the structure, the big house, painted dark red, with its gables of a rich brown, looked very inviting. Its immense front window was unshuttered, and this, combined with the fact that the other windows were mostly covered with the heavy wooden shields, made the building itself seem somewhat desolate. But nothing could offset the natural beauty of the scenery.

Nearly one hundred feet below them, over a sheer bluff down which a flight of steps had been built, lay the lake, the artificial breakwater of natural boulders on which Swanson was at work in no way marring the view. To the north, a long expanse of rolling waters could be seen. Slightly to the south, the lighthouse on one of the smaller isles could also be discerned. The face of the bluff, left in its natural tangle of underbrush and thickets of sumach and wild cherry, was of a warm brown hue, relieved here and there by a splash of brilliant red, where some of the leaves were turning earliest to their autumn hue. All over the place hung the scent of the stunted firs, and pines were clustered in a network along the declivity, until not a spot of soil could be seen. The white stems of the birches, evidently carefully planted around the house for ornament, made a welcome break in the color scheme, which did not seem sombre despite its dark shading, while behind them waved the grove of young maples, which was the variety of trees selected by the owner to be planted nearest the residence. Over it all blew the crisp breeze—a breeze just tinged with a hint of winter, but still simply a tonic in the sunlight. All knew it would be chill after dark, but, to their lungs, accustomed to the air of the city, it was as nectar. When they alighted before the big porch, not even the desolate appearance which always attaches to a vacant house could spoil their appreciation.

"Why, the air up here stirs you like wine," cried Brady; "which reminds me," he added, casting a glance down the bluff, "that there are a couple of cases of stuff down there I don't want hurt." And he disappeared over the top of the long flight of stairs.

"I guess it's up to you and me, Emmett, to open up the joint," said Thompson cheerfully. "I've got some keys."

But Mrs. Lawson had reached her home territory and there was no delay. She promptly opened a side door and ushered them in.

"I've got keys to all the doors," she said, "and even if the place had been closed," she said, with an air of pride, "that's the handsomest room in this part of Ontario."

"I believe you're right," said Emmett thoughtfully.

As in many another cottage of the shore, the entire lower floor had been practically taken up for one vast room, into which entry was made directly from the porch outside. At the end was a long gallery, extending directly across the room, which was reached by a flight of stairs at one end and from which, at the opposite extremity, another flight led to the upper story. Windows were on every side, but most of these were heavily shuttered, just as Respey had abandoned his work when he became infected with the common fear that was spreading through the neighborhood. The heavy rug still lay on the waxed floor. The piano, a slight cloud of dust marring

RADY'S DARK BROWS CONTRACTED AS HE NOTED THE AIR OF PROPRIETORSHIP WITH WHICH SWANSON TURNED NORA'S MUSIC

its veneer, stood silent under the gallery. At one side, a small dining-room led to a passage into the nether regions of the house.

"The kitchen's back there," said Mrs. Lawson, with an air of proprietorship. "Mr. Brandt wanted it as far away from the main room as possible. You see how this house is built. It's like a sort of horseshoe."

Although her description was vague, the others understood. From either side of the house two wings extended back into what seemed to be the gardens of the establishment, projecting directly behind the structure. The front room practically filled the entire lower portion of the house which fronted the lake. And the view from the window was so magnificent that even the quiet Emmett whistled.

"It's the greatest I ever saw," he said simply.

"Wait till we take some of these shutters off and I'll get the close air out of here and the place redded up," said Mrs. Lawson, stirring busily about the place with the outraged dignity of he housekeeper who had found things in chaotic condition, "I'll show you how much better it can look."

"It's beautiful now," said Nora.

Thompson, who had been peering through his spectacles at the book-cases let into the walls, their leaded Gothic windows in perfect keeping with the general atmosphere of the room, under whose ceiling antique lamps depended from every beam, nodded in genuine enthusiasm.

"Here's one of the best illustrated and typographically most perfect editions of Shakespeare ever put out," he said. "Why, that set's worth——"

He was interrupted by the noisy advent of Brady and Swanson, each aided by a stalwart breed, carrying a case of beer, which was slammed down on the porch and another trip made for a second relay. The Norse blood in Swanson was showing. The battle against the waves, as the speedy Mackinaw had slipped through the lake, had brought color into his cheek and the twang of the air was in his blood.

"I'm pleased with this assignment," he said, his blue eyes sparkling and with a broad smile on his face, "but I can't get those Indians to stick."

"What's become of our driver?" asked Emmett in perplexity.

In fact, the man was nowhere to be seen. Only in the still air of the place the faint gritting of the wheels through the sand could be heard as he hurriedly departed down the grove of young maples. Their saddle horses were tied to a tree and Thompson walked over to care for them.

"I reckon he's going back to that place he spoke of," said Emmett; "but after driving thirty miles he ought to give those horses a rest. He says he's got to go back ten miles."

Swanson, who had just climbed the bluff again with the last sack of provisions over his shoulder, silently pointed to the lake. The Mackinaw boat was sailing away from the breakwater, the half-breed boatmen drawing up the jib and putting on all sail.

"They wouldn't even stay for a little tip," he said, "and I offered them a drink, thinking they'd like it after their work. They got me up here in great shape."

"Refused a drink?" said Brady, who had come carefully up the steps with a wooden case of small bottles in both arms.

There was no reply. But he set the case down carefully and looked out over the lake, voicing the thought that was in everyone's mind.

"There's something in this story, after all," he said, "for I know breeds."

Beyond nods of agreement no sign was given by the others. But all set to work with a will to make the place fit for their use.

"There's no use taking off the upper shutters," announced Mrs. Lawson, "unless you want to use the rooms. I'll do all the cooking back here in the kitchen, and I reckon you ain't particular where it's served. You might eat just there. I was thinkin' of takin' the two adjoining rooms upstairs for the young lady and myself. You gentlemen can sleep down here. But I don't see no use in takin' down all the shutters if you're goin' to leave in a few days, maybe."

"It's all in your hands, Mrs. Law-

son," said Brady cheerfully. "Now let's get supper."

It was their first night in the wilderness, and also their first break from the regular routine of newspaper work in many weeks. The supper was prepared by all to the accompaniment of uproarious mirth. Brady was sent to bring in wood from the large pile stored in the barn, and a roaring fire was soon blazing in the big brick hearth, the chill air making it acceptable. Mrs. Lawson, aided by Nora, opened the assortment of provisions bought by Brady, shrieking with laughter over the assortment.

"It's a good thing there's plenty of supplies left in the place," remarked Mrs. Lawson, as she went through the cupboards with a practical hand. "There's a lot of those things the ladies used for their Welsh rarebit suppers here. We'd have a nice time living off canned lobster and bottled pickles, like you bought, Mr. Brady."

But even the informal nature of the meal was in keeping with the situation and all ate heartily. Mrs. Lawson discovered a barrel of flour and promptly made hot biscuits. The bacon, fried crisply, proved appetizing to the last degree. Even the canned lobster was welcomed.

The evening wore on, but not slowly. It had been decided not to start any official quest until the next day, and with common consent "shop talk" was avoided. Nora sat at the piano and played some of the older airs, Swanson showing a surprisingly good tenor voice and showing much interest in Nora's preferences. Thompson followed with a classic and Nora herself contributed some of the older songs. The lamps, hung from the varnished beams above, cast a dim lustre over the group of young people below. Brady glanced at them, his dark brows contracting as he noticed Swanson's air of proprietorship in turning the leaves of Nora's music. But with characteristic insouciance, he spoke lightly of practical things.

"It's a good thing some coal oil was left here," he said. "I overlooked that in my purchases. Of course, there's no electricity up here. But we may need a lantern if the werewolf gets to prowling around."

When Mrs. Lawson proposed making a Welsh rarebit, all looked at each other and smiled.

"It's just nine o'clock," said Thompson, after the light meal, "but I'm ready for bed."

"IT'S A GOOD THING THERE'S PLENTY OF SUPPLIES LEFT IN THE PLACE," REMARKED MRS. LAWSON. "WE'D HAVE A NICE TIME LIVING OFF CANNED LOBSTER"

Nora Westemonde turned as she reached the gallery above them and smiled at the men below.

"How long has it been since any of us has been in bed at nine o'clock before?" she asked, shading the candle she carried with her hand, the faint light and the red glow of the fire below bringing out her brown hair and clear cut profile in deep relief against the shuttered window behind her.

"I haven't been to bed before four in the morning for a dozen years," said Swanson thoughtfully. "Still," he added, as he bowed good-night to the slender figure above him, "even though we may get some unpleasant surprises, I like this assignment."

To be continued

The Miracle of The Flame

By Barbara Ballantine

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

"HUSH, little pigeon! Baby-boy Michael still sleeps!" warned Tekla, as four-year old Bertha ran across the floor of the spotless little kitchen. "Mother will wash the dishes and Bertha shall wipe them like a great big girl."

They had just finished their dinner, and as Tekla cleared away the few dishes, she glanced about the neat little sod house and thought happily of the good luck that had followed her and her man, Stefan, since they had left far Ruthenia and come to Canada, where no man was oppressed. Only two years had passed since they had taken up their homestead, yet here already was this fine house, the busy clock ticking merrily on the wall, the array of scoured pots and pans, the gay geraniums potted on the window-sill, and, peacefully asleep in the clothes-basket beside the stove, Baby-boy Michael, the pride of Tekla's mother-heart.

"Tell me a 'tory, Muvver," lisped Bertha, dish-towel in hand.

"Yes, babee, I will tell you how in the old land we were very, very poor and the overlord took all we could make. But here you and Baby-boy Michael will have red hats and gold rings and much to eat, and perhaps Vadder will grow many good crops and some day you will go on the school at Winnipeg. Perhaps, little Bertha, you will be rich lady, or perhaps not; but always you will be free."

But little Bertha's eyes were turned from the story and out of the window. Tekla tickled the little one's shoulder playfully, and she turned laughing.

"See, Muvver, see! The big dark comes."

Leaning over, Tekla followed the little girl's eyes. Dark and ominous, a bank of black covered the western sky, and before it ran golden flames crawling upon the ground. It was the dreaded prairie fire, the terror of the farmer, and Stefan was far away in the oat-field, not to be back for hours. With a cry Tekla leaped to the basket and snatched up her baby boy.

"Come, Bertha, my baby, we must run. The big fire comes to catch us. Quick! Be Mother's brave girl. We must run to father."

Desperately she clasped little Michael to her breast, and holding Bertha's hand, ran across the brown grass towards the distant oat-field. But the fire was swifter than the little stumbling feet, and looking back Tekla saw its hungry gaining. Then it was that she cried aloud, in a hoarse raucous voice of fear,

"Stefan! Stefan! Stefan!"

There was no answer. Stefan was too far away. If she could only reach him they could carry the two children down into the slough, and standing in the water, save them from the flames. Behind her the growing tongues of fire licked hungrily at the stubble, drawing

nearer, nearer. She ran faster, until little Bertha, stumbling over a stone, fell and sobbingly begged to be carried.

No, no, loved one, no! Mother must carry baby. See, she cannot carry two babies. We must run to father."

But Bertha could run no longer, and Tekla, straining a double weight to her frightened breast, staggered on. Once she paused and looked back. She could not see the house now for the smoke, and she felt the hot breath of the flame. Sobbing, she stumbled on. At last her strength was spent.

"I cannot go on! I cannot!" she cried aloud. "Oh, God in Heaven, pity me and save my babies! Help me! oh, help me!"

And then a thought flashed through her mind. One chance remained. If she could gather her babies under her petticoats, and then when the fire was upon her leap back into and through it, she would perhaps be burnt, but surely the good God would perform a miracle and let her save her little ones.

Full of faith and strength, she snatched off her heavy skirts and rolled little Bertha tightly in them, wrapped Michael in her heavy shawls, and stood waiting, facing the blinding flame.

She had not long to stand. With a roar, it was upon her. Gasping, she rushed headlong into it, throwing herself upon the ground, and sheltering the trembling children with her strong young body. With an exulting bound the flame passed over them, and rushed on, across the prairie.

. . . . . .

Across the blackened plain came a haggard, muttering man, crazed with terror, crying upon his wife and his children, and stumbled over a heap of smouldering rags. With breathless horror he recognized the still form of Tekla, huddled in a blackened heap. He knelt beside her, shuddering and calling to her in his native tongue. His only answer was a faint, low wail that came from beneath her body, and Stefan tore at the bundled clothes with maddened hands. There lay the unconscious, but breathing form of little Bertha, but the baby looked up and smiled.

Tekla's miracle had happened—the miracle of the flame.

RECOGNITION

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

I SAW him with familiar, stranger face,
The grave and absent brow, the seeking eyes,
That looked too sad for sorrow, gazing out
In wistful search across the roaring town
As if he saw the mountains' purple line
Where he had played and dreamed his golden days.
I think he found a slim wood-spirit couched
Among the frail white sorrel in the moss,
And followed her wan beckoning through the pines
To lose his soul in seeking. Still he harks
To hear her footsteps in his silent heart
Peopled with her remembrance, and he speaks
Half-hushed that he may hear, and wistfully
Pauses between his words, and looks again
To see her moving through the fragrant aisles.

Money-Mad Farming

Part II

by Rex Croasdell

EDITORIAL NOTE.—*When Mr. Croasdell was preparing his series of three articles on "Money-mad Farming," of which this is the second, he wrote us: "Proper seed selection should be general, but it—ain't. A good article could be wrapped around seed selection and proper preparation of the seed bed. You know we told the farmers in the first article that they could increase their crop to three times the average by attention to these two points. If they'd select their seed and prepare their seed bed they'd simply smell o' money come harvest-moon." We wrote in reply: "It's just because proper seed selection isn't general that we want to tell the farmer about it. Why not make one of the articles on precisely this subject?" The following article is the result. What Mr. Croasdell has to say is its own proof.*

IT WASN'T very far from Brandon; and he looked like a typical Western farmer: but I've prayed every day since I met him that he was an abnormal species, peculiar to his own poor pinched-looking quarter. He was about to haul away the last load of the season's crop to the elevator.

"And what'll you do with these tailings?" I asked him.

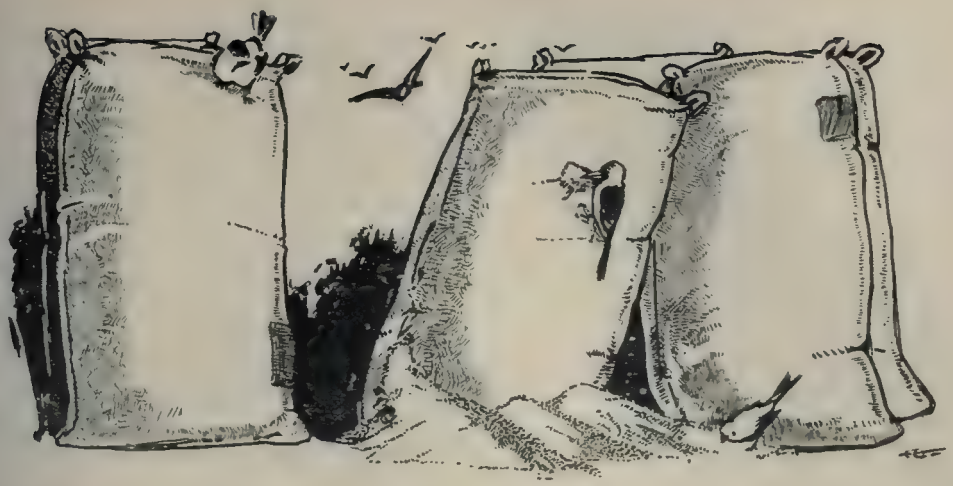
"Oh, seed and feed," said he.

I looked for the words to choke him.

"Seed?" I questioned, thinking perhaps I'd mis-heard him, and ready to apologize for the offence.

"Yep, seed. Coming?" was his laconic reply.

I drove with him to the elevator. I gathered that he had been offered a chance to sell out and was thinking seriously about doing it. Crops hadn' t been any too good the last couple of



years, and he reckoned he'd do better up in one of the new districts. He blamed every blessed thing under the sun for the depreciation in his crops but the seed and his own methods of cultivation. I commenced to enlarge upon the necessity of seed-selection and the proper preparation of the seed bed; but I guess he was thinking of the deal he was about to make. He didn't hear a word of my harangue.

I left him at the elevator and boarded the train, which had just then pulled in. In the smoker afterwards, I pondered over the wonderful ways of such men as he. Wonderful? No, pitiable. We had in Western Canada, the greatest tract of fertility—remarkable fertility—that had ever been given to land-hungry people. Within the last few years the country had astounded the world with its wheat production; its development of agriculture; and its ready response to the labor of the pioneer. Every other man could recite crop statistics covering the country's history; could spin inspiring yarns of wonderful successes; and could give you a line on "something good." And yet, 'way back there half an hour, was a man who used *tailings* for "seed and feed." I suppose he'd have watered his cattle in a stagnant slough and washed his buggy with well water.

I spoke to other farmers. They waxed eloquent on rural telephones, the labor question, tractors and such like: but seed?—oh, they put by a few bushels after the clean-up each year. Most casual thing in the world, don't you know.

Upon what does this country's prosperity primarily depend? Get right down to the bed rock. Why, *seed*, of course. "As a man soweth, so shall he reap" is as applicable to the soil as the soul. I'd like to see that text painted—in red—on every drill in the country, now and ever afterwards. You cannot reap a thirty-bushel crop from land sown with last year's shrivelled tailings, any more than you can gather figs from thistles. And talking about thistles. How can you expect clean weedless fields if you do not sow clean weed-seedless seed?

The whole country is up in arms against the increased cost of living. On whom do you put the blame? I put it up to the farmer. The cost of living is a reflection of the cost of bread, and the cost of bread depends upon the supply of wheat and the supply of wheat depends more than you think upon the vitality and plumpness of the seed from whence it springs. And the vitality and plumpness of the seed is up to the farmer. How about the weather? Yes, the weather has something to do with it. Figure on the weather when you're making your seed selection. That's the answer to the weather bugaboo. The weather is the farmer's family cat; it is blamed for everything.

Good farming—and by that I mean an intelligent application of the scientific principles that the Government Experimental Stations and Agricultural Colleges are daily expounding for your benefit—will, to a remarkable extent, overcome the most adverse conditions. If you plowed properly last fall; have kept your farm clean; have sown good strong seed; and have cultivated sufficiently to provide a good mulch or dust blanket to conserve moisture—then, but not until then—you can go and tweak the weather man's nose.

AS A MAN SOWETH, SO ALSO SHALL HE REAP

I met a farmer last year, up near Swan River, who understands all these things, and who—having more sense and energy than many other men—profits by his knowledge. His most lively concern is about his seed. He had two hundred acres of the cleanest looking wheat I had ever seen; and he expected to thresh thirty-five bushels to the acre. He was a conservative man—the kind whose "expectations" are always more than fully realized. I asked him about seed, and he took me over to his seed-bin. It was a five-acre plot sown to seed that he had selected from the best of his last year's production. I asked him where the original seed stock had been bred, although I had already made a pretty near guess.

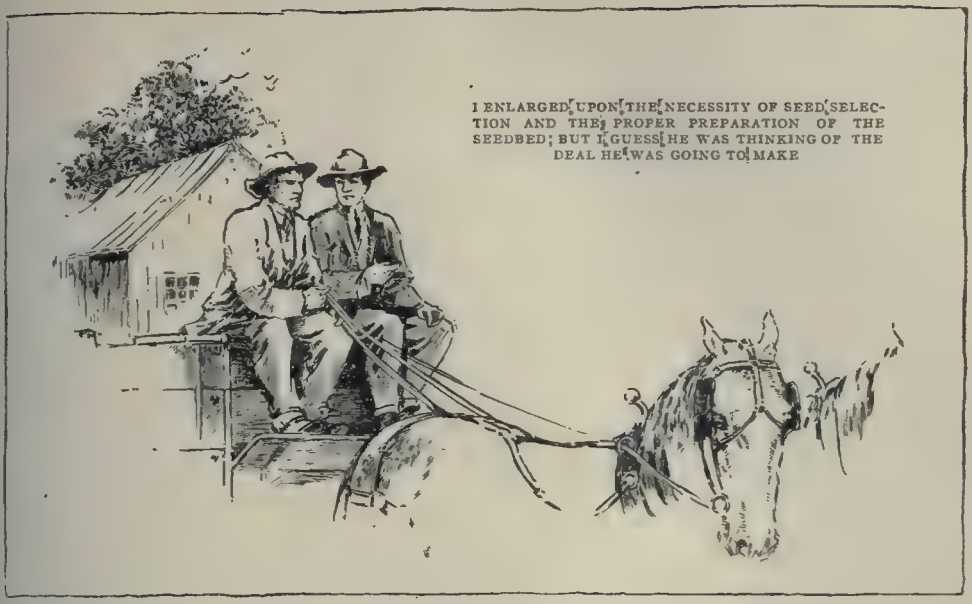
"Four years ago," said he, "I started in to secure a strain that'd just suit this particular locality. I had sixty acres under Red Fife and I selected the parent stock right from the field. I spent a few hours each week in the field and staked out each plant showing large heads well filled and which looked likely to mature early. I was pretty fortunate in my selection, and each plant that I'd staked out matured at the same time—three days earlier than the general crop. I'd been looking for larger kernels than the ordinary and wouldn't take anything that didn't come up to what I thought was about right. As it was I got over a bushel of seed from that bunch and I threshed it out by hand. I sowed that seed on a small separate plot the next year and did a little extra cultivating. I weeded out every plant that didn't head out and mature to the standard, and I guess the results paid me for what bit of trouble I'd had. I'm going to keep this up; in fact, I'll have to. My neighbors are asking for seed and I've more orders than I can fill."

"But how did you find the time to put in all this extra work," I asked him, thinking of the many excuses I'd heard from other men about the rush of the season.

"Well, son," said he, "I guess I'm a bit of a crank about seeds, and maybe I didn't notice it. But I reckon I work my land 'bout as good as any other man 'round here, and even at that I managed to do this field work without losing any flesh."

I knew a little about the theory of seed selection, but this was my first introduction to the practical end of it. We sat up late into the night while he expounded the principles of his practice and the following morning—it was a Sabbath, I remember—he top-dressed the evening's lecture with a field demonstration.

Here is the Swan River man's gospel; and may it work out your agricultural salvation. Every locality has its distinguishing peculiarities. Each farmer must strive for a solution of his own particular problem. He must evolve a



I ENLARGED UPON THE NECESSITY OF SEED SELECTION AND THE PROPER PREPARATION OF THE SEEDBED; BUT I GUESS HE WAS THINKING OF THE DEAL HE WAS GOING TO MAKE

seed which will just fit conditions on his own land. The method is simple and there is very little additional labor to it. There is bound to be some little experimentation, but the Government will gladly help with that. There is at least one experiment station in your Province. Write to the Superintendent of the place nearest to you. Give him the fullest details of your local conditions that you can scrape together and tell him that you are a pure seed convert looking for new light. The Superintendent will advise you as to the best standard variety for you to base your selection work on, and, if he has any available, will send you a small sample of absolutely pure seed upon which to start. Whether you get it from the Government, or get it from some member of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, you must start the seed plat with absolutely pure seed. Remember, you are working for the evolution of a seed which will exactly fit the peculiar conditions of your own farm. This can be accomplished; it is no new-fangled notion of a hair-brained visionary. It has been proved possible by countless experiments continued for very many years. And the work is easy, costing very little time and less money.

BREEDING THE SIRE OF YOUR SUCCESS

When you have secured absolutely pure samples of a few different varieties of grain, chosen because of their adaptability to your own peculiar conditions, sow these seeds in a special seed plat. You should choose a particularly clean and fertile piece of land for this purpose. When sowing the grain stop up about every eighth spout in the seed drill so as to facilitate walking through the standing grain later in the season. Your seed plat may be only the size of a small truck patch the first season—it's always just as well to start these things modestly—unless, of course, you have a plus percentage of enthusiasm and energy. During the growing season, go through the seed plat about three or four times and take out all plants which do not show signs of reaching the ideal condition you have set out to establish. If you have sown more than one variety keep each variety distinct and separate. Make careful notes of the qualities displayed by each, and towards the end of the season you should be able to decide upon the particular variety which is going to do you the most good. If one variety shows distinguishing merit, be courageous and dump all the

others. Selection calls for judgment, but don't let your judgment be of the vacillating variety, hopping first from one to the other. Start out with a definite idea of what you wish to accomplish, then sail ahead and accomplish it. You will find it easy.

THE KIND OF JUDGMENT THAT STAYS PUT

Having discovered the best variety to work from, your next step is to establish a definite "strain" of that variety which will do better on your own farm than upon any other part of the country. You know the difference between "strain" and "variety"? The term "strain" as applied in this sense means a special sub-division of one of the many standard varieties of cereals. The establishing of a particular strain through field selection calls for rather close work. On your periodical inspections of the seed plat, look for the special plant manifesting in a marked degree those qualities you wish to incorporate in your ideal seed. If you want early maturity, larger kernels, harder grain, and larger heads, maybe, look for the plant showing unmistakable signs of all these. In nearly every field of grain or seed plat there will appear at least one plant showing marked adaptability to the peculiar local conditions. Mark this plant, and concentrate upon the propagation of its particular species. This plant is to be the sire of your success.

If you have done all these things well —and any farmer of average intelligence can do them well—you have put your agriculture upon a permanently successful basis. But make no mistake about the parent plant. Be sure that it has all the qualities you desire. Thresh the seed carefully by hand, and during the winter select the very best seeds from the mass. From this point on a little child can achieve success. You can sow the bulk of the seed remaining from the seed plat, that is, the seed produced by all but the one plant selected, in the general crop. The seed for the sire of your own strain —*your very own strain*—should be sown separately the first year and carefully cultivated each year until it produces sufficient seed for sowing your entire crop. Always stick to the seed plat; grow your own seed; don't import it from outside and risk the possible introduction of plant disease, noxious weeds and other abominations.

Listen to what Professor S A. Bedford says in "A Word of Caution from the Manitoba Agricultural College":

The Field Husbandry Department of the Manitoba Agricultural College has been analyzing for weed seeds, and testing for germination, samples of seed grain sent in by farmers and seed merchants. Up to date over seventy-five samples have been analyzed and many of these have been found to contain such a large amount of noxious weeds that the grain is considered unfit for seed purposes. A large number of these samples are from grain that has been shipped in from outside points, and consequently some of the weed seeds are new to the Province. One sample of oats, received from a consignment shipped to a town in Central Manitoba, was found to contain the following noxious seeds in one ounce of grain:—2 wild oats, 3 stink-weed, 2 Canada thistle, 6 ball mustard, 6 American dragonhead, 47 wild buckwheat, 9 pepper grass, 22 lamb's quarter, 50 pig weed and 5 wild sunflowers, besides 13 kernels of barley and 9 of wheat. While this is possibly one of the worst samples received, still many others contain enough weed seeds to make the wise farmer discard them as unfit for seed. It is not only weed seeds that have to be guarded against, but also the low germination ability of the grain. A large number of the samples tested, especially the oats, were found to be weak in vitality, only germinating about 50 per cent. One sample from Southern Manitoba germinated only 32 per cent., and of these only 21 per cent. gave a vigorous growth. In view of the above facts, the College would caution the farmers not to sow imported seed until it has been analyzed and tested.

Above all things, adhere rigidly to the selection principle each year. As the seed increases and multiplies, and your seed plat grows larger, continue the field inspection work. A few degenerate plants will show here and there; pull them out. Work always for the uniformity of the strain and in a little while as your seed plat grows larger you will find a delight in viewing the uniformity of its appearance, and,

as the resulting seed is introduced into the general crop, your fields will be the show place of your locality, and your bank balance will be the envy of all your neighbors.

This seed selection business sounds mighty formidable. "It'll cost too much time," I can hear a lot of you say. "And it's like all the other new-fangled notions," a few of the doty ones among you will croak. Time? You can seed the seed plat in a few minutes; about six hours spread between July and September is all the time you need to devote to the field work of selection; and the hand-threshing and final selection is done when most of you are looking around for some club to kill time with. As to the new-fangledness of the notion—it's older than Christianity. The Romans advocated seed selection to improve the strains of wheat; and your Old Testament promulgates the principles of selection. Go tell your Granny it's a "new-fangled notion.

But age isn't always the surest test of the practical use of any "notion." There is one old-fangled notion—it was first advanced by Columella shortly after the Christian era—that has cost the farmer many thousands of dollars and has resulted only in the fattening of the farmer's exploiters. This is a slap at the old mistaken theory that the importation of new seed from a foreign country or far-off locality is desirable when diminished yields *apparently* point to the "running out" of the local grown seed. It is a fanciful theory and the danger of it lies in the fact that it sounds good. But the idea is only sound in the cymbal sense of the word. Any noise rings true to a certain class of farmer as long as it puts the blame of diminishing yields upon any other cause than his own, lazy, slip-shod methods of cultivation.

PROPER CULTIVATION AND PURE SEED THE ANSWER

Write to the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa about this; refer to those men of sterling merit who are superintending your own Province's experimental farms, read up the records of all the intelligent researches that have been made into this subject; or, better still, experiment for yourself

"FOUR YEARS AGO," HE SAID. "I STARTED IN TO SECURE A STRAIN THAT'D JUST SUIT THIS PARTICULAR LOCALITY"

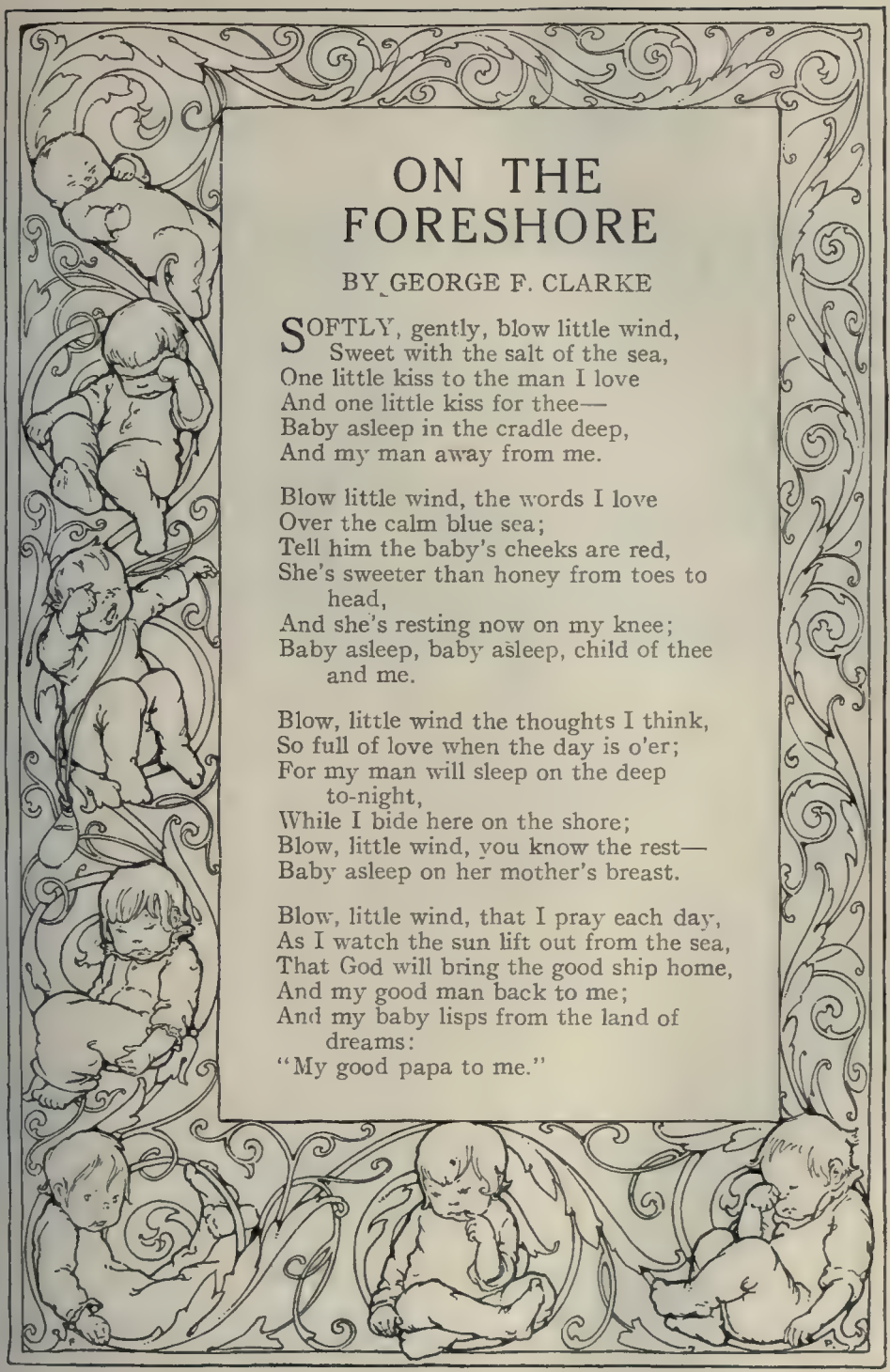
and you will find that locally developed seed is the most reliable—always. The importation of seed, contrary to being beneficial, is in most cases positively dangerous. Most of the weed-evils and plant diseases affecting this country *were imported along with foreign seed*. Is it worth the risk? The mass of evidence supporting this fact would fill several volumes. You can get a library full of authentic records by writing to Ottawa if you are at all incredulous. But mark this *fact* well—the theory that imported seed is better than that grown locally under proper conditions—is pure piffle of the first water, and is based on opinion only, not upon well ascertained facts.

"I SPENT A FEW HOURS EACH WEEK IN THE FIELD AND STAKED OUT EACH PLANT SHOWING LARGE, WELL-FILLED HEADS THAT LOOKED LIKELY TO MATURE EARLY"

If you must buy seed, and unless you have been making some kind of intelligent selection heretofore that course is desirable, see to it that you purchase seed from a reliable source. The Secretary of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association at Ottawa will give you the name and address of some enlightened seed-grower somewhere near your own locality who can furnish you with *pure seed grown locally*. Start right, with the "variety" most nearly adapted to your own farm, and work towards selecting and establishing a "strain" of that variety which is *absolutely* adapted to your own farm lands.

But don't overlook cultivation. Good, strong and pure seed is half the battle; proper cultivation *and* pure seed puts the enemy to rout and will establish you in the kingdom of prosperity. No one can lay down a definite system of cultivation to fit the peculiar needs of every locality. The principles of proper agriculture are general and must be known to you; the proper application of those principles best fitted for your individual need are easy to learn. Wake up to the opportunities for advancement that are being offered daily without cost by the different organizations throughout your own Province. Get the habit of using the machinery that the Government provides freely for you through its Department of Agriculture and Experimental Farms. Write to the Minister of this Department in your Province—and, if you'll follow one-quarter the detailed expert advice that you get you'll have the banner farm of the township.

And just so's to fix it in your memory while you still have your slippers on, take down the Good Book and look over the sixth verse of the ninth chapter of the second letter Paul wrote to the Corinthians.



ON THE FORESHORE

BY GEORGE F. CLARKE

SOFTLY, gently, blow little wind,
Sweet with the salt of the sea,
One little kiss to the man I love
And one little kiss for thee—
Baby asleep in the cradle deep,
And my man away from me.

Blow little wind, the words I love
Over the calm blue sea;
Tell him the baby's cheeks are red,
She's sweeter than honey from toes to head,
And she's resting now on my knee;
Baby asleep, baby asleep, child of thee and me.

Blow, little wind the thoughts I think,
So full of love when the day is o'er;
For my man will sleep on the deep to-night,
While I bide here on the shore;
Blow, little wind, you know the rest—
Baby asleep on her mother's breast.

Blow, little wind, that I pray each day,
As I watch the sun lift out from the sea,
That God will bring the good ship home,
And my good man back to me;
And my baby lisps from the land of dreams:
"My good papa to me."

My Dear Conductor

By Mary M. Finn

Illustrated by Gertrude Spaller

I SELDOM think of myself as Carola Cavendish, my real name, you know, for I am nearly always called "Queery," bestowed on me as a mere child for reasons still obvious father says.

I am fifteen years old, and up to recently have led a somewhat commonplace existence. I guess if *you* had five brothers and red hair you wouldn't think life was an empty dream. Well, I've my features, as grandmother says, and they might be worse.

Something has happened lately, however, that has broken the monotony of my life. It began like a novel but the climax has proved a dismal failure.

One morning about six weeks ago, I arose at—well, not when I was called. In my haste to be at school on time I dashed out of the house still fletcherising some quaker oats and minus my purse. I had just missed the car Elmira Jones takes or she'd have loaned me a nickel. When the conductor came to collect my fare I blushed. It's not becoming for people of my shade of hair to blush. My locks are of such intense auburn that on cold days in school the girls warm their hands on them. I told the conductor I did not have the amount requisite for a seat but if he wouldn't mind, could I please stand, as I'd be fearfully late for school. He was just too sweet. He said, "Don't stand; there are plenty of seats," raised his hat and rang in the fare. Well, he was lordly looking. He had a sweet long nose, darling brown eyes, and a duck of a smile.

As I was leaving the car, I said to him, "Sir, it was kind of you to be so considerate of a lady in distress. I've taken your number and will mail you my fare." The funniest thing happened in school. I did a sum in arithmetic, and the answer—wrong as usual—was 2444. That was my conductor's number!

That evening I wrote him a note on

Anita's best monogram stationery and sent it in care of the Street Railway Co. I said in the note:

My Dear Conductor:
I am the young lady who rode on your car. I enclose five cents to pay for my fare. I wouldn't like you to be out of pocket on my account, as you may have a family to support, and if so every nickel counts. If you care to acknowledge the receipt of this, address your note to Miss Angela Cavendish, 1070 South Highland Avenue.

You see I had to sign it a name commencing with "A" on account of the monogram, and if I signed my sister's the reply would go to her. I do so love to have things private with a flavor of mystery, don't you? I asked Katie, the parlor-maid, to keep my letter for me, and when she said she didn't like doing underhanded things, I threatened to tell that she kissed the Jones' coachman—and she did, too.

I dreamt sweet dreams of No. 2444 all that night. I could not seem to get him out of my mind. I could see his curly eyelashes perusing my scented note. I wondered if father would give him a position in his office. His nails had a positively manicurey look. Oh! but then he might be married!—no, I guess not, he had looked single. I had half a mind to confide in Elmira but she's very childish and has never loved that way, and so couldn't be very sympathetic.

The next two days it rained and Thomas drove me to school, so I never even saw a conductor, to say nothing of mine.

Three mornings elapsed before Katie handed me my note. When I tell you that I got perspirey and shaky on receiving it, I am telling the simple truth. I used to wonder what thrills were; now, I've had them and they are sort of electric quivers that make you have a big damp, palpitating lump in your throat. When my strength returned, I opened it and read as follows:

Miss A. Cavendish:
Dear Madam,—Your kind note received, but there was no money in it. (Horrors! I had forgotten the nickel!) However, as I have no family to support, and not having as yet arrived at the state where "every nickel counts," I beg that you will not bother your pretty head (the darling, my pretty head!) further about the matter.

Respectfully yours,
Lorimer Stanley.

Lorimer! My Lorrie! What a pretty name—Mrs. Lorimer Stanley! Thank goodness, my hair is Titian. What nice writing it was. Really, no ordinary conductor.

Every spare minute in school I read and re-read my brown-eyed Lorrie's note. I slept with it under my pillow and in the morning awoke weeping, having dreamt that my hair had turned black, but no, there it was, a beautiful curl of flame over my shoulder, and I actually kissed it.

Behind my desk cover in school I penned this note, not neglecting to put in the money:

My Dear Mr. Stanley:
I was much embarrassed to find I had omitted to enclose the money in my letter. At any rate, I am glad that you were not inconvenienced. Thanking you for your kind reference to my hair, which up to now has been a blight, I am,

Sincerely,
Angela Cavendish.

Promptly the next morning came another note:

Dear Miss Cavendish:
Your note of yesterday with enclosure at hand. How sorry I am that you have gone to so much trouble. Having no family cares, and my route being finished at five-thirty, I sometimes walk out in your part of the city. Perhaps I might see you in your window when I next pass.

Very truly yours,
Lorimer Stanley.

Wasn't that exciting? Certainly my Lorrie was no bashful lover. I gave a squeal of joy and danced up and down till I remembered Anita was asleep in the next room, and then I subdued my joy a few shades. Anita is a perfect shrew when she's waked up before she finishes what she calls her morning beauty sleep.

I haven't told about Anita, have I? She is the only other girl in the family, and I think Mother must have spoiled her when she was little. Anita and I are not exactly friends. Of course she's my sister and all that, and members of the same family should bear with each other's idiosyncrasies, as Father says, but it does seem to me as if Anita didn't

need to consider me quite so much of a child. I am as tall as she is already, and quite as intellectual.

Something's been the matter with Anita, though, ever since she came back from this last visit, and I don't resent all she does because I think she has a broken heart, and of course people with broken hearts can't be expected to be their natural selves. She's been awfully cross ever since she got home, and one afternoon when I went into her room to borrow her turquoise matrix pin I found her crying over an old dance programme, with her eyes red and her nose all swelled up. I'd have sympathized with her if she'd given me a chance, for I was just crazy to know whether or not her heart was really broken, or if it was just another fuss with some of what Ned calls her "regular trailers," but she flew up and stuffed the programme into her dress and gave me particular fits for snooping. So I was calm, but dignified, and departed after telling her that her face looked like a plate of tomato soup. But now I think I understand. If Lorrie should disappoint me, I should feel just like Anita. Though I hope I should have the strength of character to keep my sorrow hidden from the world.

Anyway, I could hardly wait until study-hall to tell Elmira about Lorrie. I felt that I must have someone to confide in, and I was just obliged to leak it out to her. It was too much for one young mind like mine. To my surprise, she seemed to divine my feelings, and oh! didn't she envy me. I showed her my note from Lorrie, and she was simply wild about the way he crossed his t's, and I was going to ask her to come over and help me watch for Lorrie that evening, but just then Miss Duncombe moved my seat for whispering, and I couldn't discuss it any more. You can imagine the state of turmoil my heart was in for the rest of the day. I know I translated "steamer trunk" into "mal de mer" in French composition class, and Mademoiselle said that I was utterly impossible, and wrung her hands. But then she's always wringing her hands about something, so it might just as well be me.

I never met an afternoon that trailed out as long as that one did. I was just crazy for it to get five-thirty. I did my hair over three times, so it would look fluffy and pretty, though mother wouldn't let me wash it, because she said I'd been sneezing and would catch cold. As if a little sneeze meant you were catching a cold. It really annoys me dreadfully to have mother treat me just as if I were six years old, when I'm almost a young lady. Elmira Jones is two months younger than me, and her mother lets her wear her hair on top of her head sometimes, and her best dress is quite long.

With a clean pocket handkerchief and my nose glued to the window, at five-thirty sharp I saw Lorrie glide by. He was not in his uniform and looked very swell. I waved and he bowed.

The next afternoon I had Elmira up to see him. She hid herself in the draperies so he couldn't see her. When he came in sight, I told Elmira to look. Everything sort of happened at once. My sister, Anita, who must have been at a window beneath, and have seen him raise his hat to me, thrust her head out and called to him. I nearly fainted into Elmira's arms. She said in an awe-struck tone, "He's crossed the streets and is coming in". Well, we heard voices down stairs and then silence. Elmira staid as long as she could to comfort and to see what would happen next. Finally she simply had to go home and I went down to supper feeling like a limp rag.

To my surprise, when I reached the dining-room, there he was! He bowed and I blushed. He was very friendly to all the family and seemed to have met them before. Anita was making goo-goos at him and seemed sort of joyous. Brother Ned said all of a sudden:

"Father, you ought to congratulate Hollister, he's just got into our frat. Had to go on the cars as a regular conductor for a week and do various other difficult stunts."

I swallowed the wrong way, sort of choked and mother sent me out of the room. I lingered near the door and, to put it inelegantly, "rubbered". At last I heard father say, "So Anita and

you have made up, have you? I thought you were never going to recover from this last mad, Anita."

"We certainly have, sir," asserted the deceitful Lorrie. "I was passing, and while bowing to your youngest daughter in an upper window—"

"To Queery?" put in father. "I didn't know you and she were pals."

"Oh, yes. I'm her dear conductor," I heard the wretch say. You can imagine how I felt. I could just hear the blushes crackle up and down my back, and if I could have done it, I'd have throttled him cheerfully. But he went right on.

"She and I have been corresponding for a week, over a nickel that I used to pay her carfare when she'd forgotten her purse, and I'm awfully popular with her. I'd never seen her but once or twice, and my having a mustache threw her off the track completely. She didn't know me at all, and was awfully formal to her future brother-in-law. She signed herself Angela. Funny little sprite Queery is, isn't she?"

"Let's see the letters," said Brother Ned, with a hideous grin.

"Sure," said Lorrie, and do you know that beast actually took out my letters and the nickel and peached the whole thing. And if I'd wanted to throttle him before, I could have burned him at the stake by that time.

"I TOLD ELMIRA TO LOOK AT HIM, AND THEN EVERYTHING SOMEHOW HAPPENED ALL AT ONCE"

They all roared out laughing, and after they got all through with me, father asked again, "But how did you make up with Anita?"

"Well, when I bowed to Queery, Anita was at the parlor window," he explained, "and thought I was bowing to her. So she called me in, and—say, Anita, you tell the rest."

"Not for a million," she said back. "Come on, it's time to go if we don't want to be late at the show."

"THAT BEAST ACTUALLY TOOK OUT MY LETTERS AND THE NICKEL AND PEACHED THE WHOLE THING"

"All right!" said Lorrie. "I don't want to make you blush about it, Nan. But I wish you could have seen Queery's face when she came into the dining-room to-night and saw her dear conductor in our midst. Oh, I got handed a lemon, all right—you could have made a pitcher-full of lemonade out of her expression without using a squeezer."

So then they all roared again, and I slipped unobtrusively up to the second landing while Anita was putting on her pink evening coat. After the door closed upon them I strained my ears to hear what mother would say.

Then, after he and Anita were gone, father said to mother, "Well, Mrs. Cavendish, Queery is coming on a bit, hey?" "I can't get over it," answered mother, "I must put her into Miss Woodruff's at once. It's the strictest school I know of."

Could anything be worse than that for a really pitiable story? I'd never look at that homely idiotic thing again even if he does marry Anita. I'd like to scrunch him. My pillow will tell you, if you don't believe me, how I sobbed my disappointment into its very feathers. To think my almost romance proved to be the lowest type of tragedy. Here I've gone and engaged my sister to the hero of my girlish dreams and here I am watching my wardrobe fairly leaping into the cavernous trunk that's to accompany me to that ogreish school.

My brother thinks it's a corking good joke on the kid. Oh! if I only hadn't gone and told Elmira.

My Partner Jim

By A. A. Strachan

I MUST acknowledge that Jim did it under protest.

Jim was a regimental dog, and had no sort of use for anyone who did no twear a red tunic. He had been brought up at the barracks and knew every bugle call as well as any trooper of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. When the bugler went to the parade ground, Jim punctiliously followed him, and while he sounded, the puppy squatted on his hind legs and imitated the calls to his own entire satisfaction. When the dinner bugle pealed across the grounds, Jim was always first at the mess-room door, and his day ended with "retreat" as regularly as the sun went down.

So you can see that when I took my discharge from the service one April of the nineties, and filed on a bush homestead some distance north of the North Saskatchewan, it nearly broke Jim's heart. Fond as he was of me, I don't believe that I could have persuaded him to follow me to the homestead if I had not brought my old regimental tunic along, and worn it at intervals to satisfy his doggish mind. For weeks after we settled down, he moped, only reviving at any slight indication that I might be going to take the trail out. Then, such a tail-wagging, such agonized whines and yaps, such yanks at my trouser-legs, such coaxing runnings ahead on the track and barked invitations to quit this foolishness and go back where he considered we both belonged. But I was obdurate, and at last, finding that I had no intention of quitting, Jim became reconciled to exile. For a long time, though, he seemed to miss the sound of the bugle more than anything else; and each day, about the hours of "reveille" and "retreat," poor Jim would squat on his stumpy tail and howl his heart out to the Saskatchewan sky.

Except for Jim, I was practically alone, my nearest neighbor being six miles away. I had chosen the bush country because I preferred to have wood and water about, and felt that there were more ways in which I could earn my living in such a district than there were on the prairie, where your homestead is a piece of dirt with a piece of sky on top that's too far away to keep you warm in winter. I had been in the country for ten years, and knew it as a member of the Northwest Mounted Police must; was acclimatized, had friends in Prince Albert, and liked the semi-hermit life that I elected to lead. I was resolved to go it alone. So Jim and I got right down to brass tacks.

The first thing I did was to get out a set of house logs and a load of dressed lumber, doors, windows, etc. The logs I cut near my own land; the latter I had to haul thirty miles from town. Before the first snow flew my house and stable were finished, I had dug a good well, broken ten acres, and had a liberal supply of firewood on hand. A team of horses, together with a couple of heifers, comprised my live stock. Jim was my society.

My first winter on the homestead was a very mild one. Snow did not fall to any extent until Christmas. I had some weeks' excellent shooting, and there was a good supply of ducks and other game frozen in my meat box, which, together with a moose I had killed after the first snow, was sufficient to last until the thaw came in the spring. After snow-fall I devoted my attention to trapping and fishing. I had a line of traps through the woods about five miles from my

shack, where I managed to capture some valuable furs. I also collected many musk-rats, which were worth about twenty-five cents a skin, and had not only enough fish for my own use, but sold nearly a hundred boxes during the winter to an exporter who came out from town and bought my entire catch for spot cash.

Winter fishing on Trout Lake, about ten miles from my homestead, is not a very sportsmanlike occupation. You simply stick up a tent on the ice, cut a hole and shove in a net. The fish come readily to this ventilator, are caught in the net and either dragged out of the water by a pair of paddles resembling snow-shoes or pulled out by hand and thrown on the ice, where they soon freeze solid. This latter mode is far from pleasant, as anyone who has tried it will testify.

Between fur and fish I realized a nice little sum for my winter's work, and was able, when I went to town in the spring, to lay in supplies to last me all summer and greatly to increase my stock of cattle and implements. I not only cropped the ten acres I had previously broken, but broke and disked ten acres more that summer, besides putting up a new log stable large enough to accommodate two teams and tne head of cattle. It was while engaged on this building that I met with the accident that, but for the intelligence of Jim, must have cost me my life.

Before, however, I come to that part of my narrative, it is necessary to explain how I was situated, and why I was residing on the land that summer, as, of course, it was only necessary for me to live on it six months in the year. I had done so well during the winter that I did not find it necessary to hire out or take a job in town, as many have to do. For the benefit of those who, like myself, are not overburdened with ready money, and have to make their homesteads keep them, or rather, to find other employment in the intervals of stipulated residence, it may be interesting to give a few details of how to make a living in the bush country.

The homesteader with a team, in the bush country during the winter, cuts and hauls fire-wood to the nearest town or hay to the lumber camps, where he will always find a ready sale. Railroad ties are also in great demand, and provide very remunerative employment for those who are not afraid to work. A permit, of course, has to be got from the Government for cutting timber for any purpose, and certain small dues have to be paid, except when the lumber is cut on the homesteader's own land. This can be secured at the nearest land office.

There is a mistaken idea that the land in the bush country is unfit for cultivation. Where the lumber companies have their limits, those miles upon miles of spruce and jack-pine, the land, of course, is not suitable for farming, but in many districts—where my homestead is situated, for instance—there are hundreds of quarter sections of as good land as any in the west. Poplar is the only timber handy but five or six miles in any direction took me to the lumber country. I had over one hundred acres of as good farming land as I could wish, the remainder being hay and poplar bluff, and during my second year I wanted to break all I could so that during the next season I would be able to raise a good crop of oats, for which I knew I should find a ready market at the lumber camps.

As before mentioned I wanted, also, to build an addition to my stable, and some weeks were spent in cutting the logs and hauling them where I wanted them. A log building, as everybody knows who has attempted it, is not an easy undertaking for one man alone. The cutting, hauling and hewing of the logs is no very difficult matter, of course, but when you come to hoist them one upon another, you will wish you had someone to handle the other end.

I tried to get help but was disappointed, and, not to be beaten, determined to try it alone. One afternoon I had got pretty nearly to the last log and was congratulating myself that the worst of the job was over, when, without any warning, the rope I was using suddenly snapped, and the log I was working on fell, crushing my

left leg beneath it and pinning me helplessly to the ground. For some minutes I was so stunned by the shock that I did not realize what had happened. A thousand fantastic thoughts flashed through my mind, and I opened my eyes to find my faithful dog licking my face and uttering little gasping, whining noises which I remember thinking at the time sounded like a child crying. I felt no pain, but was powerless to move; the heavy log held my left leg as in a vice, though my right was free, as were also both arms and hands. Yet I was held in such a position that all the strength I could muster failed to move the log half an inch. Whether or not my leg was broken I could not tell until the log was removed. How that was to be done I did not know.

My first impulse was to "holler." Then came to me with a new meaning the Scriptural verse, that "it is not good for man to be alone." I realized that I was very much alone, and the chances of anyone coming to my assistance were as one in ten thousand. I had not seen a human being for many days, my homestead being some miles off the trail that led to the lumber camps, and I had no near neighbors. I shuddered as the thought gripped me that I might lie there until I starved to death, a prey to the prowling wolves, against whom I was powerless to put up any kind of a fight. As this dreadful thought struck me I glanced helplessly around. My axe lay some little distance away. If I could only reach it, but I might as well have tried to reach the moon. Suddenly I thought of the dog; poor Jim was sitting on his stumpy tail, looking into my face and whining. I had taught him to fetch and carry, to bring the ducks I had shot out of the water, and at this he was as expert as any retriever. If I could only get him to bring the axe within reach! I patted his head and he leaped upon me eagerly, uttering sharp little barks of joy. I pointed towards the axe and told him to fetch it. He ran off at once in the direction indicated.

"Good boy!" I called ,"the axe—fetch it, Jim!" He ran round in a circle for a while, then, seeing my whip, which I had thrown beside the wagon when I unhitched the team, he pounced upon that and carried it proudly to my side and dropped it. "No, no," I cried, "go back—the axe, Jim—fetch it, good dog!"

Away he trotted again and brought one of my gauntlets, which lay right upon the axe handle. I sent him back again with a cuff on the ear; he took the axe handle between his teeth and dragged it a little way—dropped it and came bounding back with the other gauntlet; I was so disappointed that I hit the poor animal over the head with the butt of the whip. He gave a little howl of pain, and retreating some distance, sat down with such a reproachful look towards me as cut me to the heart. Then I called him to me again, petted and stroked him for a while, and went through the motions of chopping with an axe, but for a long time he did not seem to understand. I kept pointing and shouting, "The axe—fetch it," when all of a sudden he bounded away with a loud bark, seized the axe handle, and dragging it inch by inch, dropped it at my feet. Getting to a sitting posture I soon made the chips fly, while poor old Jim danced around me barking with delight.

It was not long before I had cut the log in two as near my imprisoned leg as I dared, and it was then an easy matter, using the axe handle as a lever, to pry it free. But my plight was still a desperate one, for when I tried to move I found, as I expected, that my leg was broken a little above the ankle. I had a smattering of surgery, having been well instructed in "first aid to the wounded," which is part of the education of a mounted policeman, and this stood me in good stead in this emergency. Having the axe I was able to fashion a few rude splints which, by the aid of strips torn from a "boiled shirt" which, fortunately, I was wearing at the time, I contrived, but not without considerable pain, to set and bandage the fracture. This having been accomplished, I essayed to crawl towards the shack, which stood at no great distance; but the pain I endured in the passage forced many a groan

from between my set teeth, Jim licking my hands and face every time I was forced to stop from pain and exhaustion. At last, however, I managed to reach the door and crawl within. My cot was a low wire spring affair, and I just managed to drag myself to it when, for the first time in my life, I fainted

How long I remained unconscious I do not know. When I awoke the moon was shining in at my open door and poor old Jim lay asleep by my side. It must have been cold with the door wide open, but as I did not feel it, I must have been very feverish. I know I longed for a drink of water, but was quite unable to move. My left leg felt as if paralyzed, and I lay there on my back until daylight trying to figure a way out. I must have help or I should undoubtedly "cash in," as they say in the west. For that purpose it was necessary to get word to town, or to someone who could come to my assistance. But how was I to send word? That was the puzzle, and again I felt that "it was not good for man to be alone."

Then I thought of the dog. Jim had already saved my life once, could he do so again? I resolved to try him —it was my one and only chance— and so, when it was light enough to see, I found the back of an old letter and the stump of a carpenter's pencil in my waistcoat pocket, for I had not been able to remove my clothes, and managed to write and sign an appeal for help, describing my condition and the location of my homestead. This I wrapped in a piece of my torn shirt and tied the packet around Jim's neck, fastening it to his collar in such a way as would readily attract attention, yet at the same time not be likely to come loose. In such an event, though, I verily believe the intelligent brute would have taken the packet in his mouth and laid it at the feet of the first person he met. I did not doubt that help would come; if my appeal was received even by an Indian, he would be sure to take it to the nearest agency or police post, even if he did not understand a word of the writing. I had very little hope, of course, that my four-footed messenger could be made to understand what I wanted him to do, but I had no other resource.

Before driving him away I repeated, often, the two words "George" and "home," at the same time pointing through the open door in the direction of the trail for town. George was my old troop chum, and was about as fond of the dog as I was.

For a long time I could not get Jim to leave me until I sat up in bed, pretending to be very angry, and threw my boots at him. Then he trotted away a few hundred yards, stopped and looked back expectantly, but when, instead of calling him back, I again yelled "go home!" in the fiercest tone I could assume, he reluctantly started on, and finally disappeared from my sight.

For a long time I expected every minute to see my faithful companion poke his head into the door again, but as hour after hour went by and there was no sign of his return, I was forced to the joyful conclusion that he had indeed understood what was wanted of him, and was really on his way to bring help.

How I got through that terrible day I do not know. I had had nothing to eat or drink for thirty hours; my head was aching fit to split, my throat was parched and burning, and I knew I was in a high state of fever. Looking back afterwards I believe I must have been more than half delirious. Darkness settled down, and I knew the dog must have gone on or he would have been back long ago. Then I racked my brain trying to figure out how long it would be before help could come. Towards morning I thought I heard a dog barking in the distance, but put it down to a disordered brain, for my head continued to ache most dreadfully and my tongue seemed too large for my mouth. Then I fell asleep, and dreamed that poor old Jim was sitting upon my chest crushing the life out of me. In my struggle to throw him off I awoke. It was broad daylight, and the first object I saw was Jim standing on his hind legs with his forepaws on the edge of the cot, licking my face as he used to do when he thought it was

near "reveille" and time for me to get up. But my joy at seeing him was turned to fury when my eyes lighted upon his collar. There was my poor appeal for help tied around his neck just as it was when I sent him forth, and, as I wrenched the packet away, almost choking him in my rage, I dealt him a blow with my shut fist that stretched him senseless on the floor.

I was mad with fever or I never would have done it. I sat staring at the packet in my hand and was just about to tear the paper up and cast it away when I noticed the writing was in ink and in a neat clerkly hand, whereas I had written with a broad carpenter's pencil. For a moment, in my delirious condition, I was lost in wonder at this transformation, then all of a sudden the truth flashed upon me. Tremblingly I smoothed the paper out, and this was what I read:

"Cheer up, old chap! We are starting to bring you help as soon as we can round up the doctor. On the off chance that he may reach you before we do, I am sending this back by old Jim.—George."

"My God!" I cried with anguish, as I reached over and gathered the poor dog up in my arms and kissed his cold muzzle, "poor old Jim! You saved my life twice in forty-eight hours and I rewarded you with the only angry blow I ever struck you!"

When the doctor and two mounted policemen drove up an hour later, they found me delirious with the dog in my arms licking away my tears while I kissed and cried over him like a child.

I need only add that I got well and secured my patent in due time, and that I would not part with old Jim for his weight in gold.

ROSA'S PARRAKEETS

BY THOMAS A. DALY

ROSA, weeth her parrakeets, tal da fortune een da streets.
Geeve her fiva cent an' see w'at your fortune gona be.
Leetla birds so smart, so wise, seet een cage and weenk deir eyes;
Seettin' een a row dey wait teell she ope' da leetla gate,
An' she tak' wan on a steeck, keesa heem an mak' heem peeck
Fortune card out weeth hees beak.
W'at dat card ees say to you mebbe so ees gon' com' true.

Som' day, mebbe, I weell see w'at my fortune gona be.
Eef I could be parrakeet dat she eesa keess so sweet.
I am sure I would be wise, jus' for lookin' een her eyes;
Mebbe so I be so smart I find fortune een her heart:
Dat's a kinda fortune, too, I could weesh ees gon' come true.

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

A WONDERFUL WOMAN

MADAME CURIE, the wonderful woman physicist, has one of the very sad faces of the world. It does not express that which we usually call "sad"—a face with down-dropping lines, a countenance filled with woe. Rather is it an intense, weary little face, lit up from the soul that speaks through eyes that are faded, that are neither blue nor grey, but just drab. How, you may ask, can faded eyes light up a countenance? I cannot explain, but that is the impression one gets from a close study of her face. A little, faded, pinched face, with an immense, a secret sadness and a glow as from some inner fire expressed upon it. Madame Curie is as cold in temperament as she is drab in hair and eyes. She is small and of an exceeding thinness. "She suggests," says the Figaro, "the passionate spirit of the true science," but, observing her closer, a woman discerns the big maternal forces which lie under this indifferent exterior. To her two little daughters she is the ideal mother. She makes their dresses, knits their stockings and teaches them. Her littlest daughter, Eve, who is just eight years old, is already childishly interested in her great mother's researches. Her toys consist of a little collection of radio-active elements understood to be of immense value. What this mere baby thinks of them no one can know—but she prefers these mysteries of Nature to either dolls or donkeys. Madame Curie teaches her Sorbonne Classes all that she knows about radium, the latest "natural force," as someone terms it, that has been introduced to the scientific world. Her teaching would be called mechanical were it not for a maternal note which now and again is perceivable in her attitude towards her earnest young scholars. Her own little children opened a gate to her gentler, more feminine nature, and it has remained ajar. Towards the world, fame, or praise of her achievements, this heroine of the laboratory is indifferent. The peasants who live about her tiny estate at Fontenay-aux-Roses know nothing of her high standing in the world of science. They see her walking in the fields during her vacations, with her little girls, picking

flowers and feeding the chickens. They do not know that this small, attenuated, almost insignificant woman with the thin pallid face and drab hair is the greatest living exponent of radium, its mystery and its power. She is a silent woman. When her husband, Professor Curie, was killed in the streets of Paris under the wheels of a heavy truck, his widow received the news without outcry further than repeating, over and over again, as though to convince herself, "Pierre is dead! Pierre is dead!"

Yet, no one studying her pictured face can refrain from knowing how, in the still deeps of her nature, this woman felt the shock of grief, the desolation of loneliness which then fell about her. Sane, cold, careful, silent—hiding her pain from the world, the little figure shows in its weary stoop the burden it is bearing, and the lines have deepened in the tense face. No word said she when they told her that by the vote of one man she was refused the honor of membership in the Academy of Science; as no word she said when they told her that a great monarch had come to the Sorbonne to hear her lecture. Silent, cold, yet warmly maternal and utterly feminine in that motherhood, Marie Curie goes on her way indifferent to a world which is by no means indifferent to her.

THE DEAD JOURNALIST

THE old man had been great in his time. His had been a keen brain. He always wrote with a pointed pen. Caustic of wit, quick to comment, a born newspaper man, he had served all his life. A careless, gay, kind life—true to the Brotherhood of the Press, helpful to a comrade when help was needed, indifferent when things were going well with the fellows—rather cynical on the outside in his attitude towards the women of the paper—but always companionable, and, I think, secretly sorry for them, he lived and worked in his little room. Perhaps some of his jests and stories savoured too much of the smoking room for feminine ears, but they were never meant to be offensive and were never taken as such. He liked women, but he only tolerated them. Always to him, they were the inferior sex. He laughed at the Suffragettes. You see, he was old and of old fashion, and the movement had come too late in his life for him to understand the significance of it—that slow earthquake which is surely coming. He used to say he wished he had been born a woman; they had such easy lives, nothing to do but look pretty, love and be loved and rear the children—which quite plainly shows you that he knew nothing at all of the inner consciousness of the latter-day Woman. He believed that Motherhood summed up woman's uses. Unconsciously and a trifle contemptuously he relegated to woman what he held to be the inferior place, but what Nature knew to be the most important of all—the main source of the continuity of the race. That kind, cruel, wise, indifferent paradox we term Nature has her system and pursues it inexorably. We are her marionettes. But all these things the big-brained man—now lying so small, so shrunken, so serene and young and gentlemanly in his coffin—knew, I think, quite well, though he affected not to know it.

I stood looking down at him. He so broad of shoulder—so narrow and

A BIT OF ROAD TO TEMPT THE WANDERING FOOT ASIDE

childlike now. When the soul leaves the body, does the shell which it inhabited shrivel, I wonder? Why that small pale face, with its mysterious semi-smile, half cynical, half childish? Once it was a ruddy face enough. Why narrow shoulders and shrunken chest now, which so short a time ago were broad and deep? Do we revert to childhood in that queer sleep about which we conjecture and marvel and insist—one way or another—on the awakening from or the remaining in the eternal silences?

Flowers were about him. How he would have laughed. Yet there were deeps of kindness and emotion in him, and at times a tenderness which he purposely made appear as scanty—so he mayhap would have liked the poor attentions. I have known him to be moved over the death of a lonely and forgotten creature, as I have known him to laugh and sneer over a thing which to me seemed woven with tears. And, for memories such as these, I laid a red rose on his breast, and I think the dead Englishman's face grew the gentler for the little emblem of his country and his flag which I left lying over the place where once beat a human heart.

SEARCHING FOR OFFAL THAT A LOST AND STARVING DOG MIGHT REJECT

THE FIERY FURNACE

AT last, or rather, a few weeks ago, De Maupassant, Balzac and Burton have been thrown—like (yet unlike in that they were burnt) Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego—into the fiery furnace. The morals of Toronto, yclept the Good, have suddenly been assailed by certain of the works of these authors which, with others worse than them, have for years been lying presumably on the back shelves of the booksellers and publishers. Some good morality inspector or other at last discovered their existence, this after De Maupassant, at least, had gone peddling through the Province. Outside Quebec, the French master of the short story would have done little damage. The trouble came when some inartistic fellow or other undertook to translate De Maupassant into English. French classics, or novels, especially those of a certain type, cannot stand translation. What may be merely piquant, in other words, "spicy," in French, becomes brutal in English. Our tongue is too frank, too outspoken. We are without those "nuances" which veil French naughtiness. One rather pities the unfortunate who, for a price, was induced to translate the Droll Stories of Balzac. By letters that reach me there has been—since the holocaust—a brisk demand for them. Alas, for poor human weakness!

The inspector and magistrate and counsel were obliged to read some of the obnoxious stuff. Their curiosity—had such respected persons any?—was satisfied. Not so that of the General Public. Au contraire, it is whetted to an edge. Just as a crowd

will gather outside a jail to see the black flag hoist slowly into sight, telling of a terrible doom, or as flies will congregate about carrion, so will a certain class of persons seek with avidity the prurient and indecent in plays, in dancing, in books. So it is now with the burned ones. But why hurl but three into the fiery furnace? Why not Rabelais, and Sterne, and Suetonius and Madame Bovary, Manon Lescaut, Mlle. de Maupin and many other gay ladies and gallants of easy virtue? There are thousands of immoral microbes boxed in dark corners ready to be let loose on worthy and innocent Torontonians. We modestly offer the suggestion that certain of the morality inspectors, officers and magistrates be made acquainted with all this classical stuff which for so long has been doubtless demoralizing our honest citizens, so many of whom, until this denouement, had never heard of, therefore never longed for them.

THE MORALS OF TORONTO THE GOOD HAVE SUDDENLY BEEN ASSAILED BY CERTAIN WORKS THAT HAVE FOR YEARS BEEN LYING PRESUMABLY ON THE BACK SHELVES

. . . . . .

CORONATION GIFTS

WITHOUT desire or aim to appear either discourteous or disloyal, is not the idea of a coronation gift from the Marys and Georges of the British Empire (I understand that Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India, as well as Canada, have been invited to respond) rather a far-fetched and unusual one? At the time of King Edward's crowning no such observance was put in motion. The King and Queen are in no need of gifts as are the poor of the world. Had a subscription list been opened for all the poor Marys —and Magdalens—in the Empire, and the sums collected offered to her Majesty as a coronation gift, Queen Mary would have more deeply appreciated it than she will any costly gift of furs or trinket, bought for her by the dollars and cents of Canadian or Australian Marys. The Queen has always shown a deep interest in her poorest subjects—and think of their

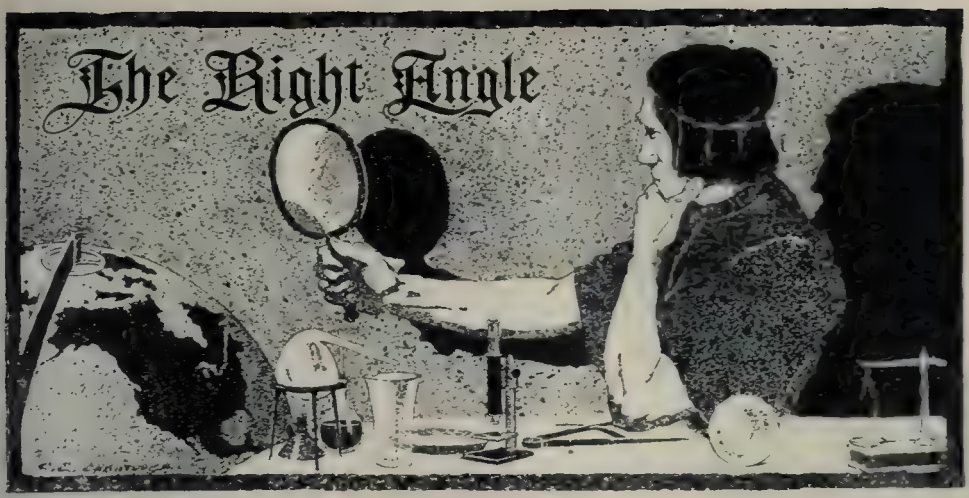
number! We are told that the amount subscribed will not be entered—merely the names being forwarded to Royalty. As though your name or mine would convey anything but a mere sound! As though either would ever be read! As though we wanted them read or noticed.

And think of the poor of London alone! I recall the trembling old woman by whose side I sat all one November night on the Thames Embankment; I recall the awful creature, hardly human, who was feeding like a beast on some mess of decayed fish picked from a filthy barrow; I recall the (one time) clergyman with the white beard straggling over his thin jacket, who shouted at intervals through his uneasy sleep; I recall the old man and woman who, failing to find even the solace of an iron bench, walked up and down all the night clothed in unspeakable, yellow rags, stopping to listen to Big Ben calling the hour in his deep and solemn voice; I recall a walk through the City of London at that weird hour when night trembles before the approach of dawn, and the skulking figures that flitted down filthy archways into courts still more gray and sodden with dirt. I recall the shocking lanes strewn with fish heads and bones where I saw men and women searching for offal such as a lost and starving dog might reject—and so recalling, with a memory which is itself a gallery of pictures beautiful and awful, bright and frightful—being every one pictures of human life, its joys and its misery—it came to me that instead of subscribing money to give a gift to a Queen who has everything that money can buy, our real gift to her might be something for her poor—for the Marys who have so little—for the Magdalens who have lost all.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER

BY CECIL SELWYN

DON'T call him Drummer—
That's a scornful name.
This flitting fellow,—
If it's all the same
To you—is bone and sinew
Of our western land, sir!
And when you use
A little of contempt, you err!
He's harum-scarum,
Easy-going ways?
Sometimes, perhaps. But then you must admit—
He always pays!
And money—
Money talks!
So let the greenback be
His advocate. You'll yield
Its eloquence.



HAS CANADA "PERSONALTIES"?

"JANEY CANUCK" (Mrs. Arthur Murphy), writing in a recent magazine, bristles up all her indignant feathers to contradict a certain Toronto editor who, she says, calmly asserts that "Canada has produced no outstanding personalities except politicians". "Man, dear," says Mrs. Murphy, "you're talking like a 'little Canadian'. West of the Great Lakes we have outstanding personalities to burn—and we burn them!" To prove it she cites the lives that have indeed been burned up in the service of others —the lives of the great missionaries of the western country where such men as Bishop Stringer, Father Lacombe, William Carpenter Bompas, the "Apostle of the North," and a dozen others have spent their best, done their work and uttered not so much as one word of self-advertisement to let the Toronto editor know that they are alive.

Bishop Bompas, with his diocese of a million square miles; Father Lacombe, whose good grey head has been known to settler and Indian for sixty-one years of service on the Mackenzie; Bishop Stringer, who last winter on his way across the divide from the Mackenzie to the Yukon nearly lost his life from starvation owing to fog and a lost trail; "Father Pat," the railroad priest of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and the many unknown and heroic men who have given themselves unflinchingly and without hope of mundane reward, are "outstanding personalities" indeed, as the Toronto editor would know if he realized that "Canada" does not all lie between Belle Isle and English River. And there was One who said: "Whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it."

CUTOVER TIMBERLANDS

THE handling of cut-over timberlands is the greatest problem in forest protection and forestry to-day. More fires have started among the chips and refuse of the lumber camps than can be counted, and more valuable timber has been thus destroyed than ever axe-man laid blade to.

The danger from these cut-over lands is two-fold. In the first place, they are the worst possible menace to the forests because of the readiness with which fire starts on them at the least provocation. After the lumberman has finished cutting the timber, there remains scattered over the land a mass of chips, tree tops and other debris, which gradually dries out and in a few months becomes like so much tinder. A lighted match, a spark from a camp-fire, a lighted cigarette dropped, and away goes the tinder, and almost with the speed of thought a serious fire has developed. Perhaps the fire meets with no worse fuel than more of the cutting debris.

Then, the loss is not so serious, but even so the fire may have consumed

much, if not all, of the thin soil characteristic of some forest regions, and any possibility of further tree growth is lost for centuries, if not for ever.

Should the fire come to mature and valuable timber, the loss from the destruction of the timber may be enormous, and in some cases such fires have reached to the homestead of the settler, destroying his crops, buildings and other improvements (perhaps his little all) and even human life.

The other danger—not so much appreciated until late years, and even now only by a comparative few—is the hindrance to the tree seeds and the little trees which this mass of litter presents. Even when the seeds fall, they have small chance to start or germinate. Even if they should get thus far, the delicate root encounters nothing but dead wood, chips or peat, and dies from lack of nourishment. If by any chance a small tree does spring up it grows with difficulty and has great chances of being swept over and destroyed by the fire.

Even during 1910 many forest fires have raged in cut-over land, those of September, near the city of Vancouver, B. C., being a case in point.

Mr. H. R. MacMillan, Assistant Inspector of Forest Reserves, figures that for every foot of timber taken out of the forest by the lumbermen throughout Canada, an average of seven feet has been destroyed by fire. This, it may be said, is a lower estimate than has been made of certain districts of Canada, e.g., the Ottawa river valley, where Senator W. C. Edwards, one of the most prominent lumbermen of the country, thinks that at least ten times as much lumber has been destroyed by the fire as has been taken out by the lumbermen.

MUCK-RAKING AT CHEPSTOWE

A PATIENT German scholar some time ago settled the authorship of the Shakespeare plays by finding that they were not written by Shakespeare at all, but by another man of the same name. In the fact of that entirely reasonable conclusion, a Dr. Orville Owen, a Yankee, has persuaded the lord of the manor to permit a disturbance of the bed of the Wye at Chepstowe in search of a casket which he believes to be there, and further believes to contain documentary proof that the other man of the same name was Bacon.

Mostyn Pigot became sufficiently interested in this profoundly unimportant purpose and excavatory proceeding to write these verses, and to read them at a house dinner of the Savage Club recently:

Upon the mud banks of the Wye,
He's digging daily, digging nightly,
In garb that to our island eye
Is most unsightly.

The wild-fowl send weird cries abroad,
And on his toil the ducks and drakes peer
As he attempts to prove the fraud
Of William Shakespeare.

The mist looms o'er him like a pall,
But he has sternly undertaken
To show that Shakespeare's plays were all
The work of Bacon.

He'll also prove that Bacon wrote
The works of Dickens, Swift and Shelley,
Of Philip Sidney, Milton, Grote
And Miss Corelli.

So let's not seek the Yankee's blood
Or pass the sentence of a lifer—
We have our own who deal in mud
To find—a cypher.

And this, as Hamlet says, "this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof." Post obit peculation, wholesale. Cacus, dead but envious, whirls in his grave. As the correspondent of a London paper, sent to report on the excavation, wired his editor, "I have never seen so much mud."

THERE are two good reproductions of the workaday world on the stage this season in "Maggie Pepper," of which Miss Rose Stahl, of "The Chorus Lady" fame, is the star, and "The Stranger," which Wilton Lackaye saves from becoming a melodrama by giving the color of his sane personality to the part of John Marshall.

Maggie is an indomitable and ambitious assistant buyer in Holbrook's department store, with an aspiration to become buyer and put to work a few ideas in modernizing the methods of the badly managed "emporium". "Oh, yes," she says, "I've bin here since I was thirteen. They called me Green Pepper at first, an' then Red Pepper, but you notice it's Miss Pepper now." How she saves her brother's daughter from her worthless mother, wins the confidence of Joe Holbrook who unexpectedly returns from Europe to take over management, and turns it by her clever selling ideas from "the old curiosity shop" to the most popular "emporium" in town is the theme of the play, but far more interesting is the development, so delicately depicted by Miss Stahl, of the cash-girl Maggie into Miss Margaret Pepper, the right-hand man and finally the fiancee of Joe Holbrook.

She has a keen understanding of the "Maggie" type, and her gradual transformation from a slangy, uneducated working girl into a business woman is done without a false touch. In the first scene her protective armour of cynical satire keeps the audience laughing, and the way in which she gives young Joe Holbrook a few pointers on his personal appearance, behaviour and English accent when she thinks he is a stray "gent" looking for a job as floorwalker, is deliciously true to the type.

One cannot, however, imagine such a scene occurring in a business office as that where Holbrook's fiancee casts him off on account of the gossip that has linked his name with Maggie's, and where Maggie, now Miss Pepper, reproaches him with having been careless of her reputation. Reputations aren't things that employers are particularly supposed to worry about, and Miss Pepper is far too wise a business woman to allow herself to display an emotion that would in itself be a good reason for her losing her position.

Mr. Lackaye, however, does not fall into the trap of the playwright in this fashion. In "The Stranger," which is a story of the Old South and the hated Northerner, who comes to secure a railway franchise and galvanize a sleepy southern town into modern commercial activity, he has a neat emotional pitfall laid for him at the end of the second act, where he learns that the man he is fighting is his own father, who married and deserted his mother and left him to become the "Poorhouse Rat" in that very town, a child without a name or a friend. The unforgivable word is ex-

Photo by Moffett LILLIAN RUSSELL

"*The First Night*", her new vehicle, is a revamped German farce of ten years ago, which does justice neither to Miss Russell's natural comedy, or to the talent of the rest of the company

changed between "The Stranger" and his father's recognized son, and there is a chance for rolling vowels and blows, which Mr. Lackaye ignores with fine restraint, carrying the scene through with a repressed emotion that none the less sends crinkles up the audience's collective back. In fact, he gives throughout the piece that blue-moon phenomenon, a convincing representation of a strong and virile business man who can get what he wants without fuss

Photo by Moffett

MURIEL STARR, LEADING LADY WITH WILTON LACKAYE
As "Mary Warrington" in *The Stranger* she makes a pretty picture, and her voice is charming

or insistence, and who can go through a black fury without raising his voice. That voice, however, in the crucial scene, becomes harsh and grating, cutting through side-issues like a sword through a silk coat, and compelling obedience from all weaker natures.

In the love-scenes he is perhaps a little too awkward, too unsure of himself, hardly masterful enough for so confident and successful a man—but in any case he wins Miss Mary, and is presum-

Photo by White, New York ROSE STAHL AS "MAGGIE PEPPER"
"And as for that laugh of yours, check it, and lose the tag, or you won't get no job as floor-walker here"

ably happy ever afterwards. The role of Miss Mary is played with good judgment by Miss Muriel Starr, whose low and beautiful voice is very pleasant to hear. Frank Burbeck, as the country judge, auctioneer and poker devotee, gives a delightful bit of character delineation, and as a whole the play leaves an excellent impression.

Lillian Russell ought to know better at her age than to coquette with a play like "The First Night". It reminds

MISS PERCY HASWELL
Her sincere and simple acting has won her a host of warm friends in both Canada and the United States

one of the landlady who said of her artistic lodger, "Oh, yes, he's a gent of very antique tastes," for George V. Hobart has gone back to the days of Augustin Daly and Charles Hoyt, raked up a farce of German parentage and uncertain history, and warmed it over into corned-beef hash with Lillian Russell as the adorning lettuce leaf.

If he had taken "Die Halber Dichter" by the scruff of the neck and forcibly made it over into a 1911 model, it

Photo by Moffett

MILLICENT EVANS
Playing with Lillian Russell in *The First Night*

might have been better, but in its present form about the only anchor it has to the present is that the scenes of the play are laid in New York. Murgatroyd Howe, as played by Victor Benoit, is a notable exception—a shrewd portrait of one of those sexless dandies who trail along behind smartly dressed women in fashionable hotels, and his trick of speaking of all things in miniature bids fair to become a popular catch phrase if the play is acted long. The company is clever, but neither Miss Russell nor her supporters have the

chance they deserve, and her gift of natural comedy is wasted on stony ground.

In "Judy Forgot," Marie Cahill is the whole show, and it's lucky there's enough of her to go all the way 'round. She sings, dances, contributes a pair of monologues, and altogether does much more for the comedy than either or both Mr. Hopwood and Mr. Hein. As "Judy" she is again the good-natured married woman marooned on the island of difficulties, struggling with temporary aphasia, and ticketed off by solicitous but mistaken strangers as the wife of a man whom she has never seen before, and who, for all she knows, may or may not be her husband. The music is pleasant, though not especially distinctive, and the chorus attractive and beautifully gowned. Miss Emma Francis deserves special notice for her active dancing, and a good deal of snappy banter is tossed back and forth with amusing effect. "The World is Full of Women's Eyes" and the coonesque "Good-mornin' Judge," as sung by Miss Cahill, are the hits of the show, and as a bit of musical comedy fluff, it is a pleasant and tuneful evening's entertainment.

By the way, had you heard that Albert Chevalier is a "has-been"? If so, revise your opinion. Chevalier, who is to visit Western Canada, opening at the Walker in Winnipeg on May 22nd, and going on to Vancouver with stops at the larger points between, is no "has been" but a very real "is". How the impression got about is a curious piece of psychology.

For some time Chevalier has been opening his series of coster and cockney impersonations with "The Light of a Fallen Star," the star being a one-time tragedian, who has played the great Shakespearean roles, but has fallen upon evil days, and in his old age harks fondly back to the time when he was an idol of the stage. The old man's clothes are shabby, but the coat is the big double-breasted Prince Albert with the wide collar that had adorned him in the days of his glory, and the old-fashioned silk hat, now battered and greasy, he still wears with something of his former dignity. He has a cane, too, and gloves that are mostly holes. Sometimes as he rambles through his lines, his voice takes on a ghost of the majesty it possessed in the days when he played Hamlet or Macbeth, and the simple words have a pathos and dignity that makes the audience very still and tense:

The dramas that I've played in life
  Were not all upon the stage.
Nor did I in an hour become
  The petted of the age.
Oft in youthful days I've sung
  "Hot codlins" as the clown,
And turned me face away to hide
  The tear-drops trickling down.
And when the pit and gallery
  Saw me white paint wash away
They shouted, "Go it, Joey!
  Oin't 'e funny? 'Ip, urray!"
Me triumphs and me failures,
  Me rise and then me fall;
They've rung the bell, the curtain's down,
  I'm waiting for me call.

As the old actor slinks away he pauses, and, bending stealthily down, picks up the butt of a cigar that some one has thrown away and puts it carefully in his pocket. And there is no laughter, even from the highest gallery. It is the last artistic touch to a flawless piece of characterization.

But that's why they say Chevalier is a "has-been." For that first impression, so strong, so true to the life, is so indelibly stamped on the not too analytical audience of vaudeville that it cannot be shaken off, and they go away with the idea that Chevalier is himself the man whom he has only portrayed with a master's touch. It is as high a compliment as could be paid to an artist—but it is hardly one that is likely to appeal to the artist's manager. Chevalier ought to sandwich the "Fallen Star" between two sketches that are not quite so dangerously perfect.

DOUBTFUL ABOUT THE DUKE

A CLEVER Ottawa woman, who spent last summer in England, recalls a pleasing experience. "We were taking a ride on one of those 'seeing London' motor buses," she said, "and there was a party of tourists aboard. They were Americans, of course, and they were taking the greatest interest in everything they saw from the top of the big bus. As the motor rolled out of Hyde Park and started in the direction of Piccadilly, the guide pointed to a big old house surrounded by a high brick wall and shouted through his megaphone. 'That,' he said, 'is the town residence of the Duke of C——, one of our largest landed proprietors.' A pretty American girl on the second seat—she was about seventeen, and it was obviously her first trip abroad—looked up in sudden enthusiasm. 'Oh!' she cried, 'who landed him?' "

JUSTICE, RIO GRANDE STYLE

THE old-timer looked up from his rickey in the King Edward kitchen, and asked:

"You think that story on Bill Sims is a good one, eh?"

"Good or bad, it's true."

"Well, so is this," said the Old-Timer, "and it happened down in Texas by the Rio Grande. I used to live down that way for a while and in the village which I graced with my presence a certain old horse doctor was elected justice of the peace. What he didn't know about the law was sufficient. He knew nothing; he should have made an ideal justice of the peace.

"His first case, however, was that of a man arrested for stealing a horse.

"'Guilty or not guilty?' asked the justice.

"'Not guilty,' answered the prisoner.

"'Then what the deuce are you doing here?' demanded the justice of the peace. 'Get out!' "

ALREADY BEGINNING TO SPLIT

THEY were watching a certain daring young woman walking down Yonge street in a harem skirt.

"She'll never put it over!" said one.

"No. You get into those things like pants, I guess," agreed the other.

"Besides," said the first, "a skirt divided against itself cannot endure."

Ten minutes later an outraged Presbyterian policeman from Edinburgh gathered her in.

LUNCHEON L'ART NOUVEAU

SHE had lured him to one of those artistic cafes where luncheon is a teaspoonful of pepper soup and a glass of water with a roseleaf in it, and he felt aggrieved. Salad arrived.

"It's water-cress, I think," she diagnosed.

"Looks more like Southern smilax to me," he disagreed. "That's the trouble—the waiters all think they're interior decorators."